

# The Saturday Review

No. 3308. Vol. 127.

22 March, 1919.

[REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER.]

6d.

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EDITORIAL NOTICE:—The Editor cannot undertake to return rejected Communications. He must also decline to enter into correspondence with writers of MSS. sent in and not acknowledged. It is preferred that MSS. should be typewritten.

## NOTES OF THE WEEK

President Wilson is popular with the Germans, because they think that they can pin him to the letter of his Fourteen Points. But by the French, despite of all the lies in the newspapers, the American statesman is both disliked and feared. Mr. Wilson arrived on Saturday last, and hung up the Conference proceedings for two days whilst he read the minutes of what had been done in his absence. What the French want, naturally and sensibly, is a plain business-like alliance, offensive and defensive, against Germany. They distrust the League of Nations scheme, because it is so large and so vague that they don't believe its obligations will be met. When a man with a capital of a hundred thousand pounds takes on liabilities of a million he is rightly regarded in business as a *farceur*. The common-sense of the French leads them to disbelieve that every time a Balkan quarrel breaks into fighting, the Americans will send troops to suppress it.

It is hoped that the preliminary peace treaty will be signed by the middle of April, and as it will include as a condition the reduction of the German army to 100,000, Mr. Lloyd George hopes that the British army on the Rhine, 400,000 strong, may be demobilised. The Prime Minister's attempt to govern Britain from Paris by telephone is now supported by a petition from Messrs. Wilson, Clemenceau and Orlando that he will continue to do so for another fortnight. How the payment of the indemnities is to be enforced if the armies of occupation are withdrawn, we have no idea. But one thing is certain, that the Parisians will be overjoyed when the American soldiers take their departure. The cafés and restaurants have to be closed at 9.30 because so many dangerous quarrels between Americans and Frenchmen have taken place.

We are told by the newspaper men, who know everything nowadays, that the League of Nations Covenant is to form part of the Treaty of Peace, is, somehow or other, to be interwoven with its terms. This is very clever of Mr. Wilson, as he will thus throw on his opponents in the Senate the odium of rejecting the Treaty of Peace because they object to the League of Nations. There is such an elaborate machinery for manufacturing public opinion in the United States—at their public meetings a man springs a rattle in the gallery when cheers are wanted—that

the President may succeed in cowing Senator Lodge into acquiescence. But all the newspapers and all the electoral machinery in the world cannot alter the facts of the European situation.

The main fact is that there is no government anywhere in Central or Eastern Europe that is worth a year's purchase. In Germany, Austria, Bulgaria, Serbia, Greece, Turkey, Russia, Roumania, there are no Governments. With whom, then, is the League of Nations to be made? Are Germany and Austria, and Turkey to be members of the League? If yes, what is their membership worth? Then there is the question of indemnities. The Prime Minister told us during the election that the claim against Germany would amount to twenty-five thousand millions, three times the debt of Great Britain. Does any man outside Bedlam believe that Germany can pay such a sum? Some considerable annual sum Germany might pay Britain, but only in goods: and the Protectionists say no German goods must be imported. There are only a few weeks left in which to get down to bedrock facts, and the process will be unpleasant.

The Dutch authorities, or rather their Press, stoutly maintain that the surrender of the ex-Kaiser must be made according to international law. Those who know anything about international law are aware that William cannot legally be extradited, because he has not committed any of the specific offences set forth in treaties of extradition. An extraordinary tribunal must be set up for his trial; but suppose the Dutch refuse to give him up? The Dutch may yield to *force majeure*, and probably they will do so under protest. The best thing would then be to try the ex-Kaiser, slowly and solemnly, so that the record of his crimes may sink drop by drop into the conscience of mankind. And then, having found him guilty, he should be interned in one of the Pacific Islands. He is a danger in Europe, for there is a strong Kaiser party in Germany, which will grow stronger, if the disorder continues. A few more months of Spartacism, and the Germans would begin to sigh for a Hohenzollern. In fact, were there a clever Hohenzollern or Hapsburg in existence, he would have to-day a great chance.

Unsuccessful candidates *ont toujours tort*. We do not join in the cry against Mr. J. F. Mason and the Central Office for the loss of the Leyton seat. Mr. Mason is an honest and independent Conservative, who

has voted according to his principles against the Radical measures of the Prime Minister in pre-war days. For this he is described by a corrupt and sycophantic Press as "an obscurantist Tory"; whatever that may mean, we should, if we were Mr. Mason, be proud of the abuse. It is amusing to watch the eagerness with which journalists and members of Parliament are now licking the boots of the Prime Minister, for whom before the war no abuse was too scurrilous. As for the constituency, we suppose that, like most sensible people, they have come to the conclusion that the Government majority is too large, and ought to be reduced.

Sir Robert Horne has the appearance and manner of a bold, clear-headed man, combining the virtues of a Scot and a lawyer. But then the late Lord Salisbury had a very terrifying aspect, and Bismarck bluntly dismissed him as "a lathe painted to look like iron." Is it possible that the new Minister of Labour is merely a character-actor, "made up," like Tree or Irving, to look the part of the strong man, while in reality he is one of the weakest and most timorous of politicians? We should be sorry to think so: yet the evidence is strong against him. Of all the weak and foolish things done by this Government the extension of the out-of-work donations for another thirteen weeks is the worst. It has prolonged the discomfort and demoralisation of the time by three months. Men and women have been known to throw up jobs in order to qualify for the unemployment pay.

This has been particularly the case in Ireland, where men and women, farm servants and housemaids, have trooped into the unemployment bureaux. It is intelligible enough. The Irish are not naturally industrious; but the joy of twenty-five bob a week for doing nothing is mild compared with the sublime pleasure of pocketing "good English money." That is the boast of the Irish recipients of Sir Robert Horne's bounty. Here in England, particularly in London, Sir Robert has sentenced us to three months more of sordid discomfort, without domestic servants and without laundries. The harm done by the Minister of Labour goes farther and deeper than this. By giving these women another three months to plot and agitate at their ease, we are now confronted by the demand for a minimum wage for Mary Jane of £1 10s. a week, with one whole holiday and two half-holidays, and six hours' attendance, from which meals, of which there are generally five, are to be deducted. In short, we are asked to pay thirty shillings a week for "A Vanishing Lady"!

It is a relief to learn that the Cabinet have decided not to recognise the Police Union. Sir Nevil Macready is, of course, denounced as a militarist: just as Sir Edward Henry was denounced as a bureaucrat: and just as any Chief Commissioner will be denounced by the violent and unruly men who are disturbing the peace of society. General Macready tells us that the Representative Board has passed 204 resolutions in the last six months, and that the time of its members is almost wholly diverted from their duties by these debates. The truth is that a trade-union and a police force are a contradiction in terms, or rather, they are mutually exclusive. A police force is an army in all except the smallness of its numbers and the fact that it doesn't carry arms. As more than half, and the better half, of the force have earned a considerable amount of pension, which they are not likely to risk, the trade-union demand can be got rid of, if only the Government are firm.

The staring scandal of the Cippenham Stores was not made better by an angry and ungrammatical letter from Sir Robert McAlpine, the contractor, whose son, by the way, is married to the Prime Minister's daughter. The wrathful contractor, indeed, made matters worse, as Mr. Lovat Fraser points out, because he innocently proclaimed that the work was only seriously taken in hand after the war was over. As in all these cases of swindling and muddling, the difficulty is to

spot the real culprit, who in the mazes of bureaucracy generally contrives to dodge pursuit. Is Mr. Churchill responsible for this criminal waste of public money, which has demoralised the whole neighbourhood of Slough? Or is it the War Council? The bureaucrats had better be warned. A storm of public indignation is rising, and will find expression in a City meeting to be called by the Lord Mayor.

Sir Sidney Low thinks that the classes of the future will be arranged vertically, not horizontally: that is to say, that men will be classed by occupations, not by birth, education, and the possession of property in land or money. When the barrister and the fitter and the plumber have all been to Harrow and Trinity, or Eton and Balliol, they will mix on terms of social equality. But does it not occur to a man of Sir Sidney Low's sagacity that when a youth has been to Harrow and Trinity he will refuse to become a plumber or a fitter? When everybody has the same upbringing, society will be faced with the terrible question, Who's to do the dirty work? The old civilisations of Greece and Rome solved the difficulty by slavery: no such solution is open to us. The late Professor Willie James did indeed propose that sewer-cleansing should be taken up by the gilded youth as a form of social service preferable to the army or the navy. But we never heard that young Harvard acted upon the suggestion.

Major Pretyman Newman and Mr. Kennedy Jones—we live in an age of double-barrelled names—have started a Middle Class League. The idea is excellent, for certainly no class wants more protection than the Middle. The trouble is that no one likes to belong to the Middle Class—why, goodness knows, for it is the repository of all the virtues—perhaps that is why. When Mr. C. F. G. Masterman, who has married into the aristocracy, referred in the House of Commons to his household as middle-class, and looked across "the broad piece of furniture" at his aristocratic kinsman, the aristocrat visibly winced. Socially it is awkward to speak of classes: scientifically it is impossible to ignore them. All those who labour with their hands for a weekly wage we put in the upper class. The distributors, organisers, and skilled intermediaries, we put in the middle class. Those who inherit lands or money and those who live by their brains in the law, the Church, medicine, literature, and art, are the lower classes.

We make no appeal *ad misericordiam* for the lower class, although the conditions of their life are well nigh intolerable. Their incomes are halved by taxation; their servants desert them; and the Press denounces them. Why cumber they the ground? They must trust to the generosity and geniality of the upper class, the Smillies and the "Chotser" Moneys, to let them live in some hugger-mugger fashion. But we suggest to Major Pretyman Newman and Mr. Kennedy Jones that instead of going on with their Middle Class League they should turn their attention to the Primrose League. Here is an organisation ready made to their hand; still, we are informed, on a war footing and in a first-rate condition of efficiency. The Primrose League is "bound to swear to the words of no master"; it is under the command of no caucus; it is perfectly independent of all party machinery.

The Ways and Communications (Transport-for-Short) Bill is the most gigantic piece of State Socialism ever proposed in this or any other country. Nothing succeeds like nerve, and it certainly wanted some nerve on the part of Sir Eric Geddes, a bureaucrat of bureaucrats, to stand up in the House of Commons and charge the railway and dock directors and the local authorities who look after the roads with waste and extravagance. No doubt the railways are losing £1,000,000: seeing that the price of material and the wages of labour have doubled, that is inevitable. But how does Sir Eric Geddes propose to wipe out that deficiency? By electrifying the railways, and getting the docks under State control. Electrification is, like Mesopotamia, a blessed word: but we venture to



say that no accurate estimates have been made by the bureaucrats as to the installation of these central power stations. There is but one thing certain in this enthronement of the State, viz., that a great deal of money is to be spent, and a great many officials to be appointed.

Even more astonishing, and certainly more alarming, than the size of this ambitious attempt to extinguish individual ownership is the inglorious collapse of the opposition to the Bill in the House of Commons. There is strong opposition to the Bill in the country in many and various quarters, from the Urban and County Councils, from the railways, and the docks. The new constituents had deluged their representatives with "instructions" to oppose the Bill. A comic incident in this connection reached our ears. A new member received a sheaf of letters asking him to "instruct" his new member to oppose the Bill, and a telegraph form to be despatched to himself! Yet notwithstanding all these letters and telegrams, the second reading was passed without anyone challenging a division. This suggests some awkward political consequences. Evidently the Government, with its terrible power of dissolution, has more influence over members than their constituents have. The Government might therefore carry legislation which was vehemently disliked by the country.

There is one department of transport where we admit that reform and development are urgently needed. In the rural counties the farmers are isolated, and have little or no means of conveying their produce to the nearest railway or market town. In Denmark, for instance, all the butter is conveyed from the farms to central standardising stations, and the Danish butter trade is thoroughly organised. But in Kent, a county that is in part suburban, there are districts as isolated and remote for all purposes of locomotion as the wilds of Cornwall or Northumberland. We have never been able to see any good reason why England should be obliged to import dairy produce from Ireland, from Normandy, and from Denmark. To remedy these defects of rural transport, motor lorries and motor-buses and light railways, where possible, are urgently wanted. But that is a very different thing from placing all the railways, docks, canals, and roads under an office in Whitehall.

One concession the Government has made to the House of Commons, which otherwise it treats with polite contempt. The idea of arming the Minister of Transport with an autocratic power which Augustus would have envied under the name of an Order in Council has been dropped. But that the idea of dispossessing the owners and managers of the docks and railways by Order in Council should have been entertained by the Minister or his draughting counsel is enough to give a thoughtful man the jaundice. It shows by what leaps and bounds tyranny is advancing. However, it has been dropped, and we suppose the provisional Order bill will take its place, which will at least give the owners a chance of being heard. The next thing to go, presumably, will be the Lands Clauses Consolidation Act, with its compensation and arbitration clauses. Verily the parliamentary bar has had its day.

What Lady Jersey and Disraeli's "Fanny" were in the thirties; what Lady Palmerston was in the sixties: that was the late Lady Londonderry in the nineties. She was the Zenobia of the Unionist party, and woe to the wight who thought that Free Trade was more important than Orange ascendancy! The great charm of Lady Londonderry was her intellectual curiosity, for she was interested in everybody who was clever and in everything that was alive, besides possessing that rarest of gifts, the capacity of listening. But politics were her passion, and the towers of Westminster Palace were, she said, the most beautiful view in the world. *Incessu patuit dea*; the poise of the head proclaimed the goddess. She knew her power, and stood no nonsense. When a well-known

bridge bully said something rough about her play, she threw her cards in his face. As long as there are men, women will be powerful in politics; but they will not be the least like the great lady who died on Monday.

The death of Mr. George Russell at the age of sixty-six breaks another of the few remaining links with the Victorian age. George Russell undoubtedly over-wrote himself latterly, and inevitably declined into something like anecdote. He was not exactly popular with the more august members of his numerous and powerful family, for Whigs do not like journalism, and the Right Honourable George was an indefatigable journalist, who exploited the duchesses for all they were worth. His great abilities, both as a writer and a speaker, were restrained by "the bridle of Theages," for he was lame, and his health was never good. Altogether he was a very attractive personality, for his political and social satire was never ill-natured, and underneath his man-of-the-worldliness there glowed a steady fire of High Church piety. His great hit in the House of Commons was the quotation from Henry V, on the Welsh Disestablishment Bill.

"Cant. If it pass against us,

We lose the better half of our possessions.

Ely. This would drink deep.

Cant.

"'Twould drink the cup and all."

The House was very much amused.

Just to jog the elbow of the Coal Commissioners, who most unreasonably tarry over their report in order to weigh the evidence, some 40,000 or 50,000 miners have downed tools in Nottinghamshire; another 20,000 miners have struck in South Wales; the railwaymen and transport workers are merely considering the hour when they shall strike; the gas workers have struck; the domestic servants have disappeared; and the malcontents among the police have retired, rebuffed, but not defeated, to plan a new surprise for Sir Nevil Macready and Mr. Shortt. O what a happy country is Merrie Old England under the new Democracy! Stay, there is one drop of sweet in the bitter cup. After the 1st June next we shall be allowed to buy chocolates at 6s. or even 7s. a pound.

It was inevitable that Mr. Austen Chamberlain's speech on the Consolidated Fund Bill on Wednesday should have been vague and unsatisfactory. He will have to introduce his Budget in a few weeks, and he could not be expected to anticipate it. It is gratifying, no doubt, to be told that the Government are anxious to abolish Government control as fast as possible; but their anxiety manifests itself in the Transport Bill, in the continuance of "Dora," and the excess profits duty. We understand that as soon as the preliminary treaty of peace is signed, and the blockade raised, there will be a revision of the votes of supply and a removal of the restrictions on export. The Chancellor of the Exchequer, however, admitted that he would have to budget for a sum of fifteen hundred millions, half of which he will have to borrow. It is all very well to tell us that it is "for this year only": what security have we for that? It may be necessary to build houses at once: but the extravagant Education Bill might well have waited till the nation could afford it: and no less than £100,000,000 has been voted for "development," whatever that may mean.

It looks as if an attempt was being made to hush up the Dope Scandal. In the Notice paper for Wednesday a question appears in the name of Colonel Wedgwood to ask the Prime Minister "when the Dope Inquiry is likely to be completed." Either the question was not put, or its report was suppressed by the newspapers. Several months ago Lord Inchcape, Lord Colwyn and another new peer, whose title we have forgotten, were appointed a Committee to inquire into the circumstances connected with the flotation of the British Cellulose Acetate Company. Where is the report? Then there was that little Syndicate formed by one Cadman for the manufacture of *chlor picru*. More information on that head would be interesting.

## STATE OR SHAREHOLDER?

IT is curious that the idols of one generation are the scorn of the next. The late Lord Goschen was fond of boasting in the last years of the nineteenth century that the system of joint-stock companies had diffused wealth. In his eyes the joint-stock company was the triumph of modern civilisation. By means of shares, he was never tired of pointing out, the middle and even the lower classes—the term was still applicable to the handworkers—could participate in the operations of adventurous capital, and instead of putting their money in the Post Office Savings Bank or in Two-and-a-half Per Cents., could take a hand in the most exciting or the safest achievements of our justly famous financiers. And the world shared Lord Goschen's view, and the legislature was never tired of passing Acts to protect the shareholders from the risks of high interest. It was generally agreed by all schools of political thought that the Companies Consolidation Act was the great achievement of modern society for the diffusion of wealth in a safe and equitable manner.

Suddenly all this is changed: the dream is dispelled. Democracy has discovered that the shareholder is a parasitic wretch to be exterminated, painlessly if possible, if not, painfully. For that is what the evidence before the Coal Commission and the demand for the nationalisation of the mines come to, Mr. Straker, the most respectable witness for nationalisation, said that, apart from wages and hours, their demand was for freedom of the mind, and explained that he and others felt freer when they knew that the Post Office and the telegraph were in the hands of the State than when they were in the hands of a private company. Another quite respectable advocate of nationalisation, a Labour Member of Parliament, made a long speech in which he contrasted the lot of the old lady living at Hampstead on £200 a year, the interest on 1,000 coal mining shares, with the life of the miner, grovelling in the bowels of the earth, who produced the coal. All these Socialists want to substitute the State for the shareholder: why? They don't seem to mind the dividends going to an abstract and invisible entity, the State. They cannot bear the sight of the sleek manager, with his pince-nez and his smart clothes, or the corpulent chairman, or even the poor old lady in her donkey-chair on the Heath. Does not that prove that the whole movement is based on social jealousy? on class hatred? Talking of dividends, we don't know why Mr. Emil Davies, a finance company manager and financial journalist, should have been allowed to give evidence before the Commission. He knows no more about coal-mining finance than any other journalist; not so much, for most of them are aware that a mine does not begin to pay dividends until about ten years after the capital has been subscribed. If shareholders forego all return on their money for ten years, they are entitled to big dividends at the end of that period, although all the newspapers, with their love of lyingly suggestive headlines, came out with "amazing figures of mining profits." We really should have thought that Mr. Emil Davies knew better. That he should have gone into the box to bear witness against the shareholders in coal-mining companies strongly illustrates the truth of our proposition that the shareholder is regarded as fair game to be hunted to death. It is the shareholder in coal-mines to-day: it will be the shareholder in gold mines to-morrow.

This revulsion of opinion is very striking, and it is as well to realise exactly the direction of the attack, and its inevitable results. The attack is upon the right of bequest, and the right of accumulation. The old lady being drawn about Hampstead Heath in the donkey-chair is the result of the right of bequest. She is the widow or the daughter of some man (very likely himself a miner), who had saved £1,000 and bought shares in, say, Powell Duffryn as a provision for the woman he loved. All the shareholders, "who have never seen a coal-mine," and who excite the wrath of Smillie & Co., for that reason, represent the principle of accumulation and the right of bequest. How do Messrs. Smillie and Emil Davies suppose that the

money for sinking a shaft is obtained? A company is formed—but really Mr. Emil Davies is not quite so innocent as not to know all about that, and we shall be surprised if he has not sometimes underwritten a mining issue. Without the savings which are put into shares, how are any mines to be opened? And without the power of leaving those shares to our widows and children, who would save the money to subscribe the shares? Here be truths, or rather, truisms, which we almost apologise for offering to Mr. Emil Davies, a City man of City men: but what the devil is he doing in this galley of pirates?

Turning from the Coal Commission, with its sloppy sentimentalism and faked figures, we find that Sir Eric Geddes attacking the system of joint-stock companies at a different physical point, and with a different moral justification. Sir Eric Geddes proposes to substitute the State for the company directors of the docks and railways, on the ground that the present management is wasteful and incompetent. Satan reproving sin is a mild joke compared with a Government bureaucrat reproving joint-stock directors for extravagance! The directorial system is not perfect; but has the system of State control proved more economical or more efficient? The company director has at least a direct and personal pecuniary interest in the concern he manages, and he has to be frequently elected by the shareholders. The Government official is independent of everybody except his political chief, and if he only knows how to pull wires and be complaisant, he is above control. But we recognise that argument is useless. We are in for a period of State Socialism: the nation, or such part of it as expresses itself through trade-union officials and the daily Press, has made up its mind to dispossess the individual; to convert the shareholder into a State annuitant; and to worship the State as the omnipotent and omnipresent controller. Before such a storm of Socialism we can but bow our heads; and suffer the fiscal tyranny that approaches with what philosophy we can command.

## MORE ABOUT PELMANISM.

WE began by saying that Pelmanism could do no harm, and might do some persons some good. It is obvious that if people like to spend an hour in their bedrooms of a morning hopping first on one foot and then on the other, waving their arms, and breathing on their back, it cannot do them any harm, though we should have thought an hour's walk, a game at lawn-tennis, or a round of golf would do them more good. Fresh air combined with moderate exercise is ten times better than any stomach-drill or skipping-rope meditations in a stuffy bedroom. It is equally obvious that to notice what you see and hear in the course of the day, and even to write notes of it in the evening; or to get someone to read you out a dozen names from the directory and to try and repeat them, are good practices for strengthening the memory. But do we really require the Pelman Institute at a cost of six guineas to teach us these things? Failure of memory is simply want of interest in what you are about. If you were to tell a man or woman that by calling at a certain number in a certain street at a certain hour on a certain day he or she would receive £100, he or she would remember the appointment and the address without any assistance from Pelman. What distinguishes a clever from a stupid person is just this alertness of mind that is interested in whatever it is doing. No system can make stupid people clever: but a decent system of elementary education ought to make them pay attention to what they are doing. The one wise and honest word that we have read in the "glowing tributes" from eminent men is from Mr. Jerome, who says, "the only 'absurd' thing about Pelmanism is that there should be any need of a special institute to teach it. It ought to be included as a matter of course in the education of every boy and girl. It ought not to be an addition to education. It ought to be the beginning of education." Quite so; that is our case, as the lawyers say. We don't know if Mr. Jerome was paid for this truth: if he wasn't, he ought to have been.



If the Pelman Institute were content to advertise in a decent way, like the Bedford College, for instance, as an educational establishment, we should have nothing to say against it. It is against the shameless puffing of themselves, and against their impudent appeals to the cupidity and the credulity of the half-educated that we enter our protest. It is, for instance, asserted that thousands or hundreds of thousands of persons have had their incomes doubled and trebled by and owing to a course of Pelmanism. Is it possible that there are enough fools who believe this to repay Pelman for his huge expenditure in advertisements and to leave him a handsome profit into the bargain? That persons who have joined the Pelman Institute during the last four years have had their incomes doubled is quite possible. A great many people have claimed double wages owing to the doubled cost of living, and their claims have been allowed. The miners, for instance, have had their wages doubled: but we have not heard that they have gone through a course of Pelmanism. Even Pelman has not ventured to put coal-hewers amongst his anonymous clients. *Post hoc* is not necessarily *propter hoc*; generally speaking, "after" is not the same as "because of."

Then there is the publication of "glowing tributes" from eminent men who do not deny that they have been highly paid for writing them. Is it not plain that if the public knew the eminent men had been handsomely paid for their glowing tributes, they, the public, would have shrugged their shoulders, and smiled, and regarded it as "a poster"? But the public do not know it; and they are consequently impressed, as by the testimony of an important and independent witness. In this connection we would draw attention to the language in which Sir William Robertson Nicoll, the editor of the *British Weekly* opens his glowing tribute, which appeared in his own paper: "I hope there is no need for me to apologise for my reluctance, as an Editor, to comment upon anything which is the subject of advertisement in these pages. It may be, in some degree, a conventional prejudice, but there is a good deal to be said in defence of it. But I am frequently receiving inquiries about 'Pelmanism,' and in view of the growing public interest in this movement, I have decided to set down briefly the conclusion which I have arrived at from a careful weighing of the evidence, both internal and external." If language means anything, Sir William Nicoll here tells us that he has overcome his coy reluctance to praise an advertiser by the sense of his duty to give the public his independent conclusion resulting from a careful weighing of the evidence. He vacates the chair of the editor to climb the bench as a judge. But what if he has been handsomely paid for his verdict? Is he not as bad as Lord Chancellor St. Alban? The conclusion "set down briefly" occupies three columns of the *British Weekly*, and is advertised in every paper (almost) in the three kingdoms. We have repeatedly asked Sir William Nicoll whether he has been paid for his judgment, and he has not replied.

"For fear some prudish readers should grow skittish, I've bribed my Grandmother's Review, the *British*."

So wrote Byron. We should be sorry indeed to accuse a brother Editor, and the author of so many religious works as Sir William Nicoll, of being bribed, and we shall be glad to receive and publish his denial of payment. In the meantime we think the public are entitled to assume, in the absence of denial, that the "glowing tributes" of the eminent men are neither more nor less than highly paid advertisements.

#### AMERICAN AND ENGLISH POETRY.

GENERALIZATIONS are dangerous. It would, perhaps, be as unfair to judge the American mind in poetry by an Anthology of Modern American Verse\*, as to assume that 'Wheels: 1918'† represents

what British poetry of to-day has attained. Nevertheless, it is tempting to proceed on these assumptions, because there is something in each anthology which appears to us to go deep into the character of both nations and to explain things which have puzzled the world about both; to throw a light, for instance, on the Fourteen Points in the one case, and on the Q Boats in the other.

We begin by confessing that we do not know whether the American anthology is representative. Too little is known of American literary effort in this country. The imports are principally "best sellers," of which the sales are in themselves the final criticism. We are, however, inclined to believe that the anthology is representative, because of the uniformity of attitude and expression in the forty odd poets who figure in the volume. It is, indeed, possible that there are writers who are excluded from this American Royal Academy, on the ground of merit, but we doubt it. The book too clearly reveals, not in a flash, but in a sort of rush-light glimmer, a certain side of the American character, and from that point of view deserves serious consideration. It would, of course, be easy to treat a book as a hearty joke which quotes as an introduction these lines by Mr. Clinton Scollard:

"The varied Book of Life,  
How hurriedly we con!  
Through pages sown with grief and strife,  
We reach the colophon!"  
"We would peruse it still,  
Despite its stress, but nay,  
It must be closed, saith the Great Will,  
And laid aside for aye."

It would be easy, but it would be as foolish to adopt such a tone as it would be to turn savagely on 'Wheels,' because of the youthful pertness displayed in the annotated press cuttings with which the collection ends. In each case there is illumination to be derived from what at first sight evokes respectively laughter and anger. The verses quoted do in fact strike the note which pervades the American anthology. The American poet, as here pictured, takes life and himself seriously. The curious thing, however, is that the seriousness is always secondhand, a sort of "souvenir" collected from Europe and brought home to America to be admired and misunderstood. The volume is dated 1918, but the poems date themselves about 1850. They are sweet with the blooms of Mid-Victorianism. They are not dead, because they are not susceptible of natural processes. They are at rest where the waxen flowers in the glass case are found, and where the clock ornamented with the large bronze knight-at-arms monotonously destroys illusion with a sombre tick.

In sentiment, in form, and in quality the poems are entirely derivative. Mr. Ledoux assures us:—

"For a woman's lips and a woman's hair,  
And the soul of her womanhood, wonderful, fair,  
Are mine at last,"  
and we are not surprised, having heard other poets with perhaps more grace make a similar assertion. Miss Widdemer pays a charming tribute to Mrs. Browning when she writes:—  
"I have bound my sister till her playing-time is done—  
O my little sister, was it I? Was it I?"  
but her light pales before Mr. Burton, who sings as follows:—

"The date of the deed? 'Tis nothing!  
Count it by tears or cheers:  
For the men who die for country,  
Have naught to do with the years."

We do not quote Miss Wilcox. Her work is known, but it is interesting to observe that we were only partly wrong in reserving her for almanacs. She sets the poetic time for America.

Let us assume that all this rubbish is chosen by an ignoramus, and that great stores of real poetry are to be found in America. We are still driven to ask ourselves how this sort of stuff comes to be written by a brilliant, young and aspiring nation. To what profound defect in the national spirit does it owe its

\* Modern American Verse. Compiled by Roma Claire. W. Westall & Co. 6s. net.

† Wheels: 1918. B. H. Blackwell. Oxford.

origin? We are brought back to the Fourteen Points. They are good points, but it is odd that the nation which had the least share in winning the war should claim a right to dictate the peace. There is an obliquity of vision which sees truth at secondhand, which runs through American politics and has its reflection in verse. They do not look at life and facts, it would seem, these Americans. They turn their backs on them, and then pay them compliments. But on this side of the water it is considered discourteous to turn the back on the object of one's attention, and admiration. They are undoubtedly a great people, our cousins, but they must acquire the habit of seeing the world through their own eyes, and not through spectacles, one glass of which is provided by Longfellow and the other by Lincoln. L is a good letter, but Y is a better. Let them ask a few questions, first of their own souls, and then of life. After that, let them put us all in our place, but not till then.

We turn from these with a gasp of relief to our own savages in 'Wheels, 1918.' The Sitwell family, Mr. Huxley, Miss Tree, and Mr. Vines are very tiresome young people, but they share this quality with Shelley and the young Swinburne. They excite annoyance, and a very good thing too. It is the business of genius, particularly of genius not yet arrived, to worry the middle sort. Genius, let it be remembered, just outruns Bolshevism. It is as scornful of the new sham as of the old, and in our view, Miss Sitwell's 'Singerie,'

"Whistled wares as shrill as grass,

Papagei, oh! Papagei!  
Buy our greenest fruits, oh! buy,  
Melons misty from the bloom,  
Of mellow moons on some hot night,  
Melting in the August light,"

and Mr. Huxley with his

"*Ventre à terre*, head in air—your centaurs are your only poets. Their hoofs strike sparks from the flints, and they see both very near and immensely far," get there before Lenin. They have found the new thing first, and they are making the new world before the Red Hand has had a chance to break the old one.

But where, it may be justly asked, do the Q boats come in? What would be further from our quiet immortal adventurers of the sea than these young wretches who say like Miss Tree,

"How often when the thought of suicide,  
With ghostly weapon beckons us to die,  
The ghosts of many foods alluring glide,  
To drown our whim?"

or Miss Sitwell with her "Switchback,"

"How far above the ape,  
Differing in each shape,  
You with your regular  
Meaningless circles are."

Yet it is the same impulse—the outpacing of the unknown. It was all British to let the submarine get ahead, and then catch it up with brilliant, unassuming courage. It is equally British to adventure into the world just beyond our thoughts. There is no second-hand here, no gentle Mid-Victorian squinting, no spectacles. The sailors saw death and weren't afraid. These young people—the vanguard of British poetry—see life—a more terrible thing, perhaps—and are equally unafraid.

They are not all equal in merit. Mr. James has no business in the book at all, and the fragments from the Spanish might just as well have remained untranslated. Of the rest, Miss Tree is almost venomously alive, and Mr. Vines touches something like the truth when he cries of sunrise—

"What perfect sky shines upon the limpid geometric space,  
The life, the resurrection, the dear and pitiless head of gold."

But the best of the bunch are the Sitwells, the two brothers, being "the clever persons," and the sister "the person of genius." The brothers can do Beau-

mont and Fletcher to the life after death, and change them to modern wonder, as witness:—

"You see the ripples run among the leaves,  
Brush them aside, like painted birds  
That sing, within the lattices  
The sun's hot bars make with the branches."

But Miss Sitwell outdoes them all, and, just to show that she can manage the conventional stuff with the best of them, writes almost at the end of the volume:

"And shall we never find those diamonds bright,  
That were the fawn-queen of Palmyria's eyes?"

They are impudent, graceless, and, perhaps, personally disagreeable people, but it's England against and above America all the time!

## RECONSTRUCTION

(WITH AN APOLOGY TO SIR AUCKLAND GEDDES).

THE public generally has no idea of the Reconstructive work carried on in all the larger hospitals in Great Britain. It believes that a wounded man is sent out as fit as possible; but it has no conception of what the treatment consists of or how perfect the science is which enabled him to become a useful member of the community, even though it may be in a somewhat different capacity to that of his former life.

This is the whole aim of treatment in hospital—that the patient may be healed mentally and bodily, so far as it lies in the power of surgeons, physicians, and all who strive towards this end. The branches of this Reconstructive work are too many even to attempt an outline of them all here; but some idea may be given of one branch, the treatment in the Massage and Electrical Department.

No large hospital is complete without this department, for the work carried on in it—as we are going to see—plays a big part in the whole scheme of reconstruction.

If a man has a damaged limb from a gun-shot wound, the surgeon must not only repair the divided nerve, or transplant muscles in place of those destroyed, or graft bone in place of that which has been blown away, but he must also see that the tissues are so trained that they will adapt themselves to their proper use again, for the repaired nerves, muscles and bones will have partly or entirely lost their function. All these cases are given individual treatment and thought—and they are dealt with in the Massage and Electrical Department. Each masseuse is fully qualified, and the work she undertakes is of a highly specialized order; it needs knowledge, skill, infinite patience, and above all, personality. This last qualification—if we may call it such—is of the greatest importance, for so much depends on keeping the attention and re-educating the mind of the patient.

To understand the work more fully we will take different cases and follow out their separate treatments. When a man has a mutilated arm and a wound that is not healed, his treatment often begins before he undergoes an operation to repair the injury, either to the nerve, muscle, bone or joint. The treatment is given to keep his whole limb in good condition, and much depends on whether this is done as soon after he is wounded as possible or whether it is left till he has his operation.

If the masseuse can move all the joints of the limb from the first, they will be kept free and supple, and remain so all the time, in practically all cases; but if no treatment is done for some time, these joints will become so rigid that it will probably take months to loosen them; and it may be that they will never become normal again.

This is one definite form of treatment which needs care and patience: to preserve or restore mobility of joints and to keep the tissues in good condition. It is done by means of massage, electricity and baths. When the patient has undergone his operation—say, for example, that he has had his divided nerve joined by the wonderful means now known in reconstructive

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surgery—he is sent to the Massage Department to carry out the treatment for re-education of nerve and muscle to combine, and the keeping of the muscle in good condition, while the nerve is not working.

The treatment for such a case is most interesting, and requires a great amount of knowledge as well as skill. Each muscle is picked out separately and stimulated by means of electricity and, when regeneration in the nerve has taken place, i.e., when the nerve fibres have grown together, and so a message can be sent by the brain down the nerve to whichever muscle is required, the masseuse has to use all her skill to teach the muscle to perform its proper function again. For from being out of action for so long it has lost the power to understand the message.

While months must elapse before power returns to the limb, everything is done to ensure that the patient may have a normal arm or leg again, for besides the treatment just described any deformity is corrected by means of splints, plaster and exercises. When the nerve has not been divided and is only held down by scar tissue, it is freed, and the returning power takes place in a much shorter time.

Another form of treatment is necessary when the patient has had an operation known as "tendon transplantation." This has to be done when the nerve is so injured that it cannot be joined, or muscles are destroyed in themselves. Uninjured muscles are used, and brought to the injured part and made to perform the function of those missing. This is a frequent and successful operation, and the results are very good.

Thus a man having lost the nerve enervating the extension of his wrist, may have one or two muscles taken from the other side of his arm and inserted to take the place of the extensors. It can be imagined how difficult it is to re-educate these muscles—enervated by another nerve—to perform quite a different function; but this is done, and a normal limb has more often than not been the result. This kind of muscle re-education is anything but mechanical, and is a very tiring personal work. Similar attention is needed for what is known as a "functional case," in which the nerve and muscle are not damaged organically, but from shock have lost their function for the time being.

There are so many conditions and treatments that it is impossible to do more than select one or two. From the examples given some idea may be gained of the wonderful work in our hospitals to-day which is so willingly carried on to give life and usefulness to the maimed and suffering victims of the last few years.

#### NEW IDEAS IN ARTS AND CRAFTS.

**A**MONG the immense fermenting desires felt, often obscurely, but more or less passionately, for "a better world" which are rising all round us in this time of vast change and solution—this time when the old crust of things is cracked and broken by volcanic explosions, and the moment of undreamed of possibility is instinctively grasped at—the desire to take arms against the mean ugliness of life also claims expression. We look back over the century that began with Waterloo; and we see a gradual blight, a paralysed inertness creeping over our towns and dwellings, as if those who built houses for men and women to live in, and made furniture for them to use, and plates to eat from and cups to drink out of, had lost all interest in these things and continued to produce them in a sort of dull stupor, a half-awake condition, so that the things they produced were like dead things, cut off from the circulating life-blood which in a healthy state communicates a human relation to everything of humblest use. The Industrial Age; the age of commerce! It was accepted as a fatality. Much prosperity benumbed the senses; seemed itself the compensation ordained for what counted with most for an inessential loss. Yet revolt came; a leaven began to work. Who can measure what intensity of fervour was poured into that revolt by the minds working, isolated or in little groups, about the middle of last century? What immense hopes for the regeneration of English

craftsmanship went to the founding of South Kensington Museum! As we wander to-day through those galleries, and admire the magnificent collections, we are apt to forget that the real object of the museum was to provide examples of beautiful design from the arts of all countries by the study of which the English student might bring back beauty into his own country's arts. If we ask dispassionately whether the museum has fulfilled its object, it is to be feared that we must answer "No." It has had some influence, some effect, but nothing at all proportionate to what it was hoped might be done in the way of getting the artist and the manufacturer into a living and effective relation with one another. That was the time when the Middle Ages, with their guilds of flourishing crafts and all their wealth of spontaneous design in every material, were looked back to with a passionate nostalgia. We had the Gothic Revival in architecture; we had the Pre-Raphaelite movement, out of which came in time the Arts and Crafts movement, still alive and active. And in certain ways, and within certain limits, there has been immense improvement. The houses of people of some means are far better designed and furnished than they were a generation or two ago. But in the matter of cheap and common things, whether it be houses, furniture, or utensils, as in the larger matter of town-planning for the masses of the people, how little there is that shows healthy taste, or thought, or even common-sense, and how little we seem to feel the injury to our national self-respect! All is left to the manufacturer and the commercial builder, who give what they say 'the public wants.' But really the public has no articulate wants; it takes the bad because it is used to it and has no means of knowing anything better. It would take the good with equal cheerfulness; with greater, because what is well designed is better adapted for use and more serviceable. There is a vast amount of humbug talked by the typical middleman, glad to bolster his own mental inertia with a specious appeal to experienced worldly-wisdom. The lamentable state of the theatre in this country at the moment is an instance in point. The contempt for their audience on the part of the managers is unlimited. And yet in the base-camps in France Greek tragedies in Mr. Murray's translations are drawing delighted audiences of soldiers. Imagine what a London manager would say to such a mad adventure! Those who have lectured to the soldiers at the base-camps all say the same: to try them high is to win them, to play down to them is disaster. We need more faith in our own people.

In a book which came out the other day, 'Fields and Battlefields,' by a sergeant in the R.A.M.C.—a book which interprets the British soldier with exceptional insight and sympathy—there is a description of a little French town which is apposite and worth remembering:—

"The little city had been built when men still took joy in the forms they created, and the harmony of these forms with the forms of Nature around them was not due to a trick of moonlight, but was unanswerable in the full light of day. And this harmony was not the work of one great mind, artist's or architect's, but the work of numerous common minds who had here made plans, raised scaffolds, baked bricks, learned the angles of roofs from the weight of tiles, the height of towers from the strength of masonry, learned to correct and to improve through the generations, learned above all to omit the ugly and increase the harmonious. Neither was the result that of the inspiration of a single genius, but of the continual discrimination of lesser minds; but the result was good. What beauty, therefore, must lie in the common minds of men."

That is a true saying. But how to liberate that beauty and make it active? How bring back the joy in making, which is so fundamentally human? Hitherto we have turned too fondly to the past; and the movements of revolt against the paralysis of ugliness have been too much in the character of forlorn hopes, desperate assaults against impregnable powers. The machine was cursed as the cause of all the evil; and we have turned our backs on the machine. But the

machine is here, and has come to stay. It is idle to rebel: we must use the machine. After all, it can be put to good uses, just as well as bad. And its use comes in just where we want it most, in the production of cheap and common things which everyone must use. The craft of printing, in which the regenerative efforts of Morris and his followers have indirectly had immense effect, not only in England but all over Europe, is an eloquent case in point. The realisation of this necessity has begun to permeate the most far-sighted workers and teachers of arts and crafts, and is giving a new vitality to the movement. Symptomatic of this new attitude was an address given recently to the Women's Institute by Mr. S. B. Caulfield, the architect. Mr. Caulfield pointed out that the Arts and Crafts movement, which William Morris had started with so splendid a grasp of first principles, lost an opportunity when it set itself against machinery. The machine had been allowed to become the master in its own sphere; with the result that the tendency in commercial production is to turn even hand-work into an imitation of machine-work. Our craftsmen must study machinery, not wash their hands of it, must use it, not disdain it; because, unless they are merely to touch the fringe, things must be cheap for the immense public that has but a small price to give. The designing of the commonest things of use—pots and pans and crockery and fire-irons—has been left to men without training or gift for design, and a meaningless ornate ugliness is the result. We repeat, the well-designed thing is the simplest, most sensible, and most serviceable. Every Englishman recognises, in the matter of sports and games, that the artist is the man who does things supremely well, without expenditure of useless effort. "A real artist" is everyone's spontaneous tribute of supreme praise for the cricketer or the billiard-player. We want English people to recognise art in every kind of production, in the same way, as a natural need and pleasure, an exhilaration we have a right to claim from our surroundings. Many people talk of these things as desirable; but now is a time for doing as well as talking. And Mr. Caulfield, in his address, had a practical scheme to propound. It is the war that has made the opportunity. "Thousands went out machines, and came back men." They have come back dissatisfied with the dehumanising conditions of modern manufactory; they want to have some interest and pleasure in production. Mr. Caulfield's proposal is to have a permanent exhibition in London, not merely of finished things, but of active workshops open to the public; and to train a few hundred returned soldiers and sailors—to begin with—in these exhibition workshops. By such training they would acquire an interest in their work and a love for it. Machinery would be used both to do the dull work, and to make things cheap; and the men who worked the machines should be the designers. That is a notable and original feature of the scheme. In order to design for the machine, it is necessary to know it thoroughly, to know what it can do best and what are its limitations; to use it as a servant and not let it be the master.

The vast scheme of housing which is to give us a million new cottages all over England during the next few years, is going to affect the whole face of the country: and all these cottages will want furnishing. Now is the moment for everyone who cares about our self-respect as a nation, who thinks it shame that inertia and commercial rapacity should combine to reproduce the old waste, the old inhuman dullness, the senseless ugliness that we have tolerated so long, to be up and doing. Now is the moment not only for speaking out, but for forethought, energy and effort. Mr. Caulfield's scheme is a practical one: once started, it might spread far and wide. It needs financial backing; and we hope some one who has the means—no vast resources are required—will be found to back it. If large sums can always be found for the mending of bodies in hospitals, cannot a comparatively small sum be found for a work like this, which makes for health of mind as well as body, which has for its object the greatest need of modern industrial life—the humanisation of labour?

## SUGGESTIONS FOR SIR THOMAS BEECHAM.

WHILST the future of Drury Lane still remains in the balance—shareholders patiently waiting for the highest bidder, music-hall magnates tumbling over each other in the endeavour to purchase, benignant outsiders suggesting that the building be forthwith pulled down, together with Covent Garden Opera House—the old theatre quietly preserves its old tradition and sees the Christmas pantomime give place to the spring season of English Opera. In bygone days it was the Carl Rosa Company that regularly filled the Easter bill, and did excellent business into the bargain. Now it is the Beecham Company, back from the provinces with a repertory as long as an American restaurant menu and nearly as varied. The season opened on Wednesday with Dr. Ethel Smyth's clever two-act opera, 'The Boatswain's Mate,' and that curious Russian mixture of musical and choreographic inventions, best known here by its French title of 'Le Coq d'Or.' We hope it will prosper as it undoubtedly deserves; and if Sir Thomas Beecham's ideas on the subject of operatic appreciation in London have been modified by experience, he can have as little fear on that score as ourselves. His company has had wonderful success in Manchester, Glasgow, and elsewhere since it was last here; yet not even in the remotest north does its reputation stand higher than in the metropolis, and this time, happily, there are no raids to interfere with the steady flow of crowded houses already indicated by a besieged box-office.

It is said that the present visit is to last until Covent Garden reopens in May (date uncertain), and, as Sir Thomas is also a director of the Grand Opera Syndicate, it may be taken for granted that the two enterprises will not be allowed to clash. He has, however, a good two months before him at Drury Lane. Hence we are inclined to wonder why he should have set himself and his people the *tour de force* of squeezing practically the whole of the repertory into the first two and a half weeks. Seventeen operas and one ballet in the course of twenty-one performances may sound—nay, is—a very creditable achievement. But is it on the whole conducive as a system to polished interpretation and sustained excellence of ensemble? We think not. Allowing that the company is a large one, and familiar with its work, the necessity for long daily rehearsals is nevertheless paramount, unavoidable, if efficiency is to be maintained; and these on top of eight representations per week surely must impose an excessive strain upon the throats and the physique of the singers. This "cramming" system was not the system of the Opéra-Comique in Paris or of the ordinary Continental subsidized opera-house, at any rate in pre-war days, and we are pretty sure it cannot be so now. It may be the justifiable practice of the theatrical Repertory Company on tour, but in the case of a "Grand Opera Company" at Drury Lane it rather suggests tempting Providence and—adverse criticism. We are all for the finest procurable performances of the best available works, and, where there is a large and widely-scattered public to be satisfied, more frequent repetitions of certain operas must not only pay, but tend to enhance the merit of the ensemble, thus killing the two birds with one stone. Moreover, the majority, if not the whole of these operas are provided with double casts, and, assuming that the "understudies" (*remplaçant* is perhaps the better word) are worthy of their task, it is eminently desirable that they should have regular opportunity for showing what stuff they are made of. In this way alone can fresh talent be brought to the surface or put to the real test, as has so often happened in cases where unsuspected vocal or dramatic genius lay concealed, awaiting its chance.

A point of no less vital importance is the need for constant effort to improve the enunciation of the singers. Last season it was as a rule the one outstanding blot upon some otherwise admirable performances. We do not say that the vocal standard is anything near what it might be, or what it would be if Sir Thomas Beecham were privileged to train (for the operatic stage) and give us the best singers that the

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country can yield. But if he cannot be expected to train them to sing or act, it is none the less his duty, once he has engaged them and made them rehearse, to insist upon their pronouncing the English language correctly and with such distinctness of utterance that they shall be capable of being heard and understood in every part of the theatre. This matter he has never taken seriously in hand, although it means everything to the popularization of opera in the vernacular, as Sir William Gilbert and Sir Arthur Sullivan both knew when they demonstrated how the trick was to be done at the Savoy going on for forty years ago. Let us assure Sir Thomas Beecham that nothing less than the same meticulous care, exercised in the same individual fashion, will ever secure a similar brilliant result for the operas given under his able direction. While he is about it, too, he might further improve the English translations used by his company. They still leave a great deal to be desired.

The clever young pianist who rejoices in the euphonious patronymic of Miss Lonie Basche has already given the first of two recitals announced for this month at Wigmore Hall, and therein proved herself the possessor of a true Slavic temperament, with a rare talent for the interpretation of the composers of her race. It will therefore be interesting to hear an artist who can do so well with Dvorák, Smétana, Rachmaninov, and Arensky, in her ambitious Chopin programme (which includes the whole of the 24 Etudes) on the 25th inst.

In the scheme put forward by Miss Gertrud Hopkins at her chamber concert last week there were only three items; but they served to display to advantage the unusual qualities that make her an altogether first-rate ensemble player. It was something to be worthy of association with Mr. Lionel Tertis in the Brahms sonata (Op. 120, No. 2) for viola and piano; and again more than creditable to lead Miss Marjorie Hayward, Miss Evelyn Cooke, Mr. Tertis, and Mr. Cedric Sharpe in a smooth, well-contrasted rendering of César Franck's noble quintet in F minor.

Mr. Plunket Greene gave on Monday evening at the Æolian Hall the first of three lectures on 'The Art of Song-Singing.' Dealing with what he described in a sub-title as "Equipment and Rules," he imparted some sound practical information with characteristic Irish fluency, and illustrated his points skilfully, though troubled by obvious hoarseness. He also acknowledged very gratefully his debt to Mr. S. Liddle, whose help at the piano enabled him to get over many rough places.

The selection of pieces made by Miss Mignon Nevada for her vocal recital at the same hall on Tuesday afternoon was lacking neither in eclecticism nor ambition; and if once or twice she proved to be severely overweighted, the fault rested with those who advised the young soprano to undertake things of such heavy calibre as 'Casta Diva' and the big Monologue and Prayer from Gluck's 'Iphigénie en Tauride.' These were ordeals that the great Tietjens used to tackle; but they are scarcely suited for singers with light voices who depend for most of their effects upon a charming *mezzo voce*. Hence Miss Nevada's success in such numbers as the Paesello aria, the 'Rose chérie' of Grétry, the fanciful 'J'ai peur d'un baiser,' by Joseph Szule, a tuneful "Sleep Song" by Cyril Scott, and the touching 'Magdalen at Michael's Gate,' by poor Liza Lehmann. The accompaniments of Mr. Frederick B. Kiddle were irreproachable.

## CORRESPONDENCE

### A VOICE FROM NEW ZEALAND.

To the Editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—At the present time it is evident that the mind of England and France as well as the mind of the most thoughtful here, is perplexed as to the attitude of the United States of America in regard to the future "peace and happiness" of the world in general and the "safety, honour and welfare" of our great Empire in particular. And as I consider it a sacred duty on the part of every member of that Empire, how-

ever obscure may be his position, to contribute what he can towards attaining a unity of mind and purpose on great Imperial issues, I beg leave to make the following remarks to a Paper which, throughout a long and noble career, has consistently and boldly placed honour above chicanery and duty above expediency.

I do not ask for their publication: they are merely a small contribution towards the general fund of thought as expressed by your Paper. But you are at liberty to use them as in your judgment you think best: they are yours for what they are worth.

On the 12th December last past, there appeared the following "local" in one of our leading Papers. It is an extract from a letter of a lieutenant in the N.Z.E.F. in France, to his father, resident in Auckland:

"Enclosed is some Bosche literature which might be of interest to you as a souvenir from the air. It was dropped near us when we were bridging a canal. . . The Hun missive is headed 'The American Peril' and reads in part: 'Isn't it foolish to stay in this war for the sole benefit of the United States? It is plain America won't be satisfied with Germany's downfall, but actually aims at controlling the world's commerce. She points at Germany, but is ready incidentally, to ruin England; in fact, she prepares to suck marrow out of the whole of Europe. World domination, that's what America is after! An exhausted and impoverished Europe will make the United States the ruler of the world. At any rate, after the war, America will be the most pitiless competitor England ever had. Only the United States have something to gain by continuing the war.'"

I was not a little surprised when I read this extract, and for this reason. Shortly before the United States entered into the war, I had been to certain Islands of the Philippines, as I had been through the German Pacific Islands and New Guinea before the Great War began, and had reached Hong Kong. One evening, as I sat on the balcony of the Hong Kong Hotel, smoking, an elderly gentleman joined me. I told him that I came from New Zealand and he informed me that he was an American and a general manager of a large Transport Corporation in the Western States which controlled a good deal of shipping and a number of railways.

In the course of our conversation, which was mainly on the war, he expressed the opinion that the United States would be compelled to enter the war to protect their own interests and prestige, but only at a time most favourable to themselves. And then he went on to express himself on the effect this would have on England almost in the very words quoted in this *Lieutenant's letter*! Imagine my surprise when I read the extract in the newspaper! It seemed to me a very remarkable thing and a very strange coincidence. But this is not all. The conversation did not end here. He declared, further, to put it in substance and very briefly:

1. That the United States entering the war would deprive England of the credit of winning the war and of the gain of prestige.

2. That it would lead the United States to building a Navy larger and more powerful than the British Navy: and that they would demand freedom of the seas.

3. That the United States would build and form a mercantile marine larger than Great Britain's, and would vigorously apply their navigation laws.

4. That they would disintegrate the British Navy. This they had already succeeded in doing in the case of Australia, and they would succeed, through the war, in Canada, South Africa and New Zealand. That they would make it impossible to have one Imperial Fleet under one control, as it would be prejudicial to the world power of the United States.

5. That ultimately they would disintegrate the British Empire into small but increasingly powerful republics. This was now being done through a

Press propaganda, the influence of suggestion, the encouragement of nationalism, national vanity and sectionalism.

6. That they controlled the sources of information and had the Press of Australasia in the hollow of their hands. Nothing but excellencies would be said of the United States and this continuously, and largely criticisms of England. Australia could only believe what they willed it to believe, and thus they were shaping her destiny away from England.

7. That England could not be tolerated in the Pacific. She cannot be allowed to have a single Naval station of her own. Fiji and the captured German colonies should be handed over to the truly democratic Australian and New Zealand nations as distinct sovereignties. They would see to it that Australian opinion would demand it.

8. That they would make a United British Empire an impossible dream. How? Through the cultural suggestion of the Press, literature of every description and the falsification of history. The United States *must* become the paramount Power in the world; it matters not how. A United British Empire would stand in the way. Therefore it must be made impossible.

9. Japan and England must be alienated. Through American and German influence Australia and New Zealand strongly opposed the Anglo-Japanese Alliance. But England was too strong then. It will yet be done. They are gradually prejudicing the mind of Australia and New Zealand against it.

10. England's influence in China must give way to that of the United States and her commerce in the Orient be captured.

11. Should the United States enter the war, it will not be on the score of humanity or friendship or sympathy for England, but solely on her own account. An alliance with any European Power would be unthinkable. It can never take place. The United States must have a free hand in the war and the after-war settlement.

This is the gist of his conversation relative to us, and he maintained that he represented a large body of influential opinion in the United States. From the knowledge I have of the United States and the many conversations I have had with Americans of every class and colour, in pretty well all the four corners of the world, I am inclined to believe that he does. After all, may there not be an element of truth in the "Hun missive"? The motive, of course, is a different thing.

Whatever may be our opinion in regard to the attitude of the United States of America at the present time, there cannot be a shadow of a doubt that the influence, or, shall I say? the "culture" of the United States, is a disintegrating influence so far as the British Empire is concerned. It is an influence which is constant and everywhere. The Press is wholly subservient to it. In our blind infatuation for all things American we are perpetually yielding to it. England is condemned or criticised: "America" is praised and gloriously advertised. It is the fashion to condemn England for the American Rebellion, and the man who doubts this condemnation is looked upon as a poor fellow of a Briton! And yet the condemnation is not only clean contrary to history, but is a condemnation of the noble founders of English Canada and a condemnation of *loyalty*. These grand United Loyalists, these sturdy defenders of a United Empire, these pioneers of Empire Defence were knaves, fools and idiots: they had no conception of liberty! That evil influence of the great schism, the Great Rebellion, in the English Race is still working its evil design, and, judging from events, we are, if not gladly, at least blindly, yielding to it, to the great prejudice of a great United British Empire.

I am, sir, with deep respect,

Yours faithfully,

R. B. COLE (D.C.L.)

Walford, Campbell Point,  
Parnell, New Zealand.

## AN AMERICAN TRIBUTE TO BRITAIN.

To the Editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—I send enclosed, in case you should care to reproduce it, or some of it, in THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

It shows that some Americans, at any rate, are able to appreciate the part played by Britain in the world, and are aware of the incongruity of her being dragged at the chariot wheels of Wilson and his ridiculous fourteen points.

Yours truly,

M. CHICHESTER.

## BRITAIN AND LIBERTY.

### REMARKABLE TRIBUTE.

Address by Rev. H. A. Wise Wood at  
Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, New York.

It seems to me eminently fit, as this war ends, for the American people to express appreciation of the major part taken in it by the British, for had not the British held the seas the night of barbarism would have overspread Europe once more, and swept thence into our own skies. It is for this reason that I have come to this sanctuary of Anglo-Saxon Americanism, an American whose ancestors fought Britain in our revolutionary war, to thank God for Britain.

Greece gave to the world philosophy and art; Rome, government and law; Britain, equality and freedom. Nor did she stop with these gifts, for she has since insured their preservation. She has sown her gifts with a prodigal hand in every corner of the earth, herself surpassed all others in their amplification and enjoyment, even ourselves. Truly did Nicholas Murray Butler say of Britain, that she has stood guardian at the gate of the Temple of Liberty for a thousand years.

Who, therefore, are we that at the close of the struggle should strut down from the mountains bearing tablets of stone on which are graven fourteen irrevocable commandments of our own devising? Our fourteen points! Are we competent to prescribe Anglo-Saxon democracy for a stricken world? Are we as competent to do so as the Mother of Democracy, before whose eyes we have elevated our tablets of stone, as if they were sacred writ?

Britain has a Government responsible to popular sentiment; we have not. When the British people repudiate their Government it resigns: when ours is repudiated—as it was recently—it continues to misrepresent public sentiment, and holds on till it expires by limitation. Parliament rules; Congress does not. The act of Parliament is final; that of Congress is provisional. There is no master above Parliament; there are two above Congress. Britain's cities are well governed by directly democratic and incorrupt councils, which are proceeding in just, orderly, and efficient ways towards municipal ownership of gas, electricity, street railways, public markets, wash-houses, etc. Our own municipal government, because of its corruption, waste, inefficiency, and callousness, gives us cause to hang our heads.

We freed our slaves in '63; Britain had freed hers in '33. We confiscated our slaves and ruined their owners, leaving the latter no capital with which to employ them. Hers, Britain redeemed by purchase—770,000 of them—at the cost of 95 millions of dollars. A bloody war and eight billions of money, spent first and last was the price we paid.

Britain prohibited night work for women 74 years ago; by only ten of our States has this reform been accepted as yet. In 1833 Britain began regulating the conditions under which children may be employed, and to-day surrounds the child at work with the most rigid safeguards. Our national Government is powerless to do likewise. In Britain there are old-age pensions; there are not any here. In Britain there is national health insurance; there is none here. In Britain there are national labour exchanges and insurance against unemployment, and there is a minimum wage in low-paid industries. Where in this country are these fruits of democracy to be found?

Nevertheless, we talk of democracy as if we, ourselves, were its foremost practitioners; as if, in very fact, we were the keeper of its great seal. Why, for long centuries before the phrase, "Making the world safe for democracy," occurred to us, Britain, the very mother of it all, was lavishly spilling her blood and treasure over the lands and waters of the earth to make it a safe place for her democratic children, among whom were we; we, who said officially of this war of the forces of evil upon the forces of good, that between the two we saw no difference!

So I stand here to-night, an American to the core, and offer my thanks for the blessings of democracy, to the great parent of the liberties I enjoy. And I thank her for the spread of that democracy—the sane and stable democracy of the Anglo-Saxon, which makes of liberty a safe possession, safe for a man whether he have one shirt or three—I thank her for having spread it to the north of us, in Canada, and over the world's continents.

Upon its seas Britain's was the torch that set going the lights of freedom that now welcome the pilgrim in all the ports of the world; and hers the keep of the world's vast, tossing, common, that once more may be traversed in safety, thanks to her sailormen, by all who have good in their hearts. Yes, we have had a part; but it was Britain that barred the gate, and it was Britain that bore in safety to the laboratory



of Earth's greatest military alchemist, France, the blood and substance of the world's democracies—our own included—to be by France distilled into that marvellous elixir, Victory, a great draught of which has so magically transmuted a world, part, into one that is wholly free.

### SYNDICALISTS IN PARLIAMENT.

To the Editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Lord Selborne in a recent letter to *The Times* made a statement whose profound significance has passed unnoticed—even, in all probability by Lord Selborne himself. In ascribing the present discontent of Labour to the fact that Parliament is not truly representative of constituencies, he says that, on a proportional basis, Labour should have one hundred and twenty seats. We are not concerned now with what appears on the surface of this statement, that the elections have proved unjust to Labour, but with its underlying assumption that Parliament should represent not localities, but occupations. Lord Selborne is not alone in this attitude of mind. Before the recent general election a newspaper, analysing the list of candidates, found among other matters that it comprised seven candidates for the Agricultural Party, two Teacher candidates, one for the Town Tenants League, one Coster candidate, and one Seamen's. In this again we find separate interests, and not separate localities, taken as the basis of representation in the House of Commons.

Attention has been directed in recent times so exclusively to the shortcomings of the Upper House that, although misgivings have sometimes been expressed as to the adequacy of the other, it appears to have passed unobserved that the parliamentary system, as a whole, is in process of transformation. For some time past there has been growing up within the House of Commons a class of members differing in an essential respect from the rest—namely, representatives of occupation. Formerly, although a member may have had a class bias he would have been the last to admit it: he claimed, and probably believed, that he honestly voiced the opinion of his constituency. Now, however, a man may stand openly for Labour, for shipping, for beer, or even for harmless, necessary cocoa, and, when these are affected, he speaks and votes in their interest and not for his constituents.

Now what is this but syndicalism? syndicalism of a sort, for, as a watch word, like Socialism or Home Rule, it means different things to different people, and practice does not always run side by side with theory. It means, as syndicalism really means, that an engine driver in Newcastle is nearer to an engine driver in Bath than he is to his next door neighbour, bound by closer ties of interest, united by deeper mutual understanding. The old system of representation by areas, founded when the population of England was more homogeneous in employment, and when the prosperity of all alike depended on agriculture, no longer fully meets our needs; and while each constituency now contains a heterogeneous population with diverse occupations and conflicting views, rapid transit, annihilating space, has brought together like to like, no matter where they live.

It may be contested that Labour stands united for all manual workers against the world, and is not divided according to occupations. This, however, is due to causes that can easily be seen, and is but a passing phase. Not only is it passing: it appears to have almost passed; for the most noticeable phenomenon to-day is that the parliamentary representatives of Labour have lost in influence. Power now dwells with the shop stewards who represent distinct occupations; and though combination may be effected for certain purposes, it is alliance, not union.

But though parliament is undergoing transformation, no drastic alteration is likely to be made. As a race, we are averse from change. We like our oldest suit of clothes, no matter how unfashionable and frayed. We like it because it is old, and because we are used to it: and rather than get a new suit we have it cleaned and pressed and mended. So it will be with the House of Commons. We are used to it: we know

its ways, and are willing to overlook its shortcomings. With our predilection for using old bottles for new wine we will "make it do." Indeed, that process has long since begun; for what after all is a party organisation but a means of forcing a constituency to elect a representative it does not want? And with what Bagehot calls our infinite capacity for make-believe we shall continue to pretend that members still represent their constituents. We know already they do not, but we never admit it; decency forbids. As an Italian proverb says: there are things which we should look at only through our fingers.

Yours obediently,  
H. F. B.

### THE PRIMROSE LEAGUE.

To the Editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—In your issue of the 15th of March you ask what has become of the Primrose League and what it is doing now?

During the war the work of the League was almost entirely devoted to patriotic service. The activities of a large number of our Habitations centred round one problem alone, how they could most usefully serve the country in its hour of need. Unsparing service has been given by Officers, particularly Ruling Councillors, Honorary Secretaries and Wardens. Large and ever-increasing demands for warm clothing have been met by the efforts of Working Parties at the Head Office and in all parts of the country, and the many letters of thanks received prove that the effects of this work have been felt by a large number of units in the field and by many hospitals. The entertainments which habitations have given to the wounded have been much appreciated; hospital beds have been equipped out of Primrose League funds; liberal contributions have been made to war charities; and the League has heartily co-operated in the war savings movement and in the food economy campaign.

The Primrose League has also been able to assist the British Red Cross Society with a small fleet of those motor ambulances which in every theatre of war have performed such signal service, and the Ladies' Grand Council presented a Hut to the Y.W.C.A. for the Womens' Army in France. Needless to say, many members of the League who have been serving with the Forces have sacrificed their lives—the purest form of patriotism, which it is the constant aim of the Primrose League to promote.

It has been a source of much satisfaction that, in maintaining and developing the organisation, Habitations have, at the same time, performed a task of national importance. There is much useful and profitable work for the League in the future, particularly in view of the extension of the electorate, not only in maintaining its principles of Religion, Constitution and the Unity of the Empire, but in upholding the general propositions of law and order, loyalty and good citizenship. Imperial consolidation, the improvement of social and industrial conditions, the knitting together of all classes of the community in a nobler patriotism, these are ideals which inspire the Primrose League with fresh hope and a new purpose, and the services rendered by the League during the recent General Election were an indication that the Habitations are preparing for new work and new conditions.

Lord Curzon of Kedleston (the Grand Master of the League) in his 1919 message to the Primrose League says that, in his view, the work of the League lies even less in the past than in the future, and adds: "For the work of reconstruction two things are essential: first, a continuance of the spirit of self-sacrifice, self-restraint, and the realisation of a great end, which have stilled the cries of faction during the war, and inspired all with a common aim; secondly, a resolute refusal to allow international warfare abroad to be replaced by class warfare at home, or to let the spoils of victory be snatched from our grasp by dissensions within."

Lord Curzon urges all members of the League to back up their Coalition member, to urge him to press

for bold measures of social industrial reform, which only can be carried by a union of forces, interests, and classes.

Yours faithfully,  
REGINALD BENNETT.

The Primrose League,  
64, Victoria Street, London, S.W. 1.  
March 17th, 1919.

#### PELMANISM.

To the Editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Having with considerable trouble earned a Pelman Certificate, I feel justified in saying what I can in defence of the little grey books. If, as I have reason to believe, the majority of people seldom get further than the first few books, they are necessarily not in a position to criticise. It is surely somewhat unfair to quote some sentences in Book II. as an example of the Pelman System.

Might not any extract taken at random from the best novel of the year appear ridiculous when read apart from its context? What meaning could be conveyed to the musician by hearing a stray phrase from any musical work? There is nothing new under the sun, and no doubt a system of memory training existed hundreds of years ago, but would the modern mind apply itself to the study of those theories, as propounded in the antiquated language of Bacon?

As I understand it, Pelmanism may be summed up in one word, viz., Suggestion.

It does for the undeveloped mind and body what no other equally well advertised quack remedy could effect.

Although the little grey books contain nothing we do not already know, a genuine study of the course cannot fail to develop greater efficiency in reasoning and more accurate powers of observation.

If this result is attained by a proportion of those who Pelmanise, and their interest and joy in life are thereby appreciably increased; if but a few torpid brains are stimulated to some degree of activity, surely the four guineas paid to Pelman will not have been wasted, and the system will deserve a more creditable title than that of "gigantic humbug."

Yours truly,  
MARGARET LODER.

24a, Bryanston Square, W. 1.

#### PRESIDENT WILSON.

To the Editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—It is many a year since I first gave appreciation to THE SATURDAY REVIEW—about sixty in fact: in those days, although known by a harsh name, it was a power in the land. By your number of March the 8th, I observe the days of fire and slaughter are returning. A very welcome change from the tone of "truckle and surrender" which finds vent in the columns of so much of our press and which is the beginning and end of our feeble ministerial policy.

Thank goodness THE SATURDAY REVIEW seems to see through Wilson! It would take more than all the space in your REVIEW to put before you the proofs I have from correspondents in America: from acquaintance with leading Americans there and here: and from my own knowledge of the country through long residence there, that President Wilson has rushed over to Europe first and foremost to mitigate penalties against Germany. Every word he utters is to weaken England and strengthen Germany!

And our delegates cringe and fawn and agree to everything.

Imagine Wilson, who got his second term by the votes of our deadliest enemies the Irish, and the German-Americans, receiving all this homage, and why! For years he saw unmoved all the noblest and bravest of our young men being slaughtered. For years he saw us spending seven million pounds daily and descending into poverty! And his chief utterances during that period were, "too proud to fight," and "as all are fighting for the same thing, why not make peace?" As his own press and politicians say, "if

Wilson came into the War for a 'principle' it was his duty to come in the first day: when he says he came in for a 'principle' he lies!" This much I read in the speech of one of the leading politicians out there!

Both Wilson and the pro-German House—as you know—looked to see the end of the war "in a few weeks." In other words, that Germany would win in a canter.

Then came an end of the dream. The great German banking houses took counsel in the States and besought the President to save Germany from financial ruin! Also, England would emerge from this war more powerful than ever! America would have no seat at the Congress.

There is no dislike like that engendered by envy. Every school master, every head of a college I have known in the States has envied the prestige of Great Britain!

Here was a chance then!—End the War!—not win it!—and step into England's shoes!

I do hope THE SATURDAY REVIEW is going on the war-path against all this "morality" from a canting pedagogue. Did ever anybody know of a man who talked so much of morality and principles who didn't turn out a humbug?

And £500,000,000 to be spent on American ships! Splendid! Few have had more links with Germany and America than myself. I know both peoples well.

The "League of Nations" is bosh! The Entente is the proper League. The "League of Nations" is to bring in Germany! nothing else. As for President Wilson's deluge of "principles" and "moralities," I can only say, "Damn your sentiments!"

Yours,  
AN OLD VOLUNTEER.

#### NEW SOURCES OF REVENUE.

To the Editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—New sources of Revenue are urgently needed and I trust to the proverbial fairness of the SATURDAY REVIEW to allow me to make some few suggestions, whether you approve of them, or otherwise, in the hope that others of your correspondents may supplement them by other practical proposals with the same object. I would propose the following fresh taxes:

1. On all advertisements in newspapers and periodicals. It is only fair that individuals who build up great businesses and almost entirely through advertisements should be taxed in so doing. Classic examples would be Pelmanism, Müller's and Sandow's institutes.
2. On all advertisements on street hoardings, railway carriages and stations, busses, vans and houses.
3. The adoption of the Totalisator for all bets on Race Courses, all profits to go to the State.
4. Or, taxes on Bookmakers, and on all bets.
5. Graduated Receipt Stamps and Cheque Stamps *ad valorem*.
6. An increased Dog tax, according to the number kept.
7. Taxes on Pianos, Gramophones and Bicycles.
8. An increased tax on men servants.

Yours faithfully,  
"SCRUTATOR."

#### A WHITE AUSTRALIA.

To the Editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—A paragraph in your issue of the 1st instant refers in particular to the question of a Policy known as the maintenance of "White Australia," on which you make a comment that this Policy "has left undeveloped the northern tropical Province of Queensland, though we believe a certain amount of 'Kanaka' labour is allowed to be imported from the islands for the cultivation of sugar cane."

You will permit me to say there are two misstatements of fact concerning Australia which it is important to correct.

That dealing with the development of the tropical Province of Queensland is much at variance with statistics for years subsequent to the displacement of



coloured labour. The figures of large increase of population and of additional area placed under sugar cane (the staple industry on which coloured labour was originally employed), leave one only with the assumption that the paragraph was written without reference to these readily available facts.

The second correction I wish to make is your statement that "Kanakan" labour is allowed to be imported to Queensland for the cultivation of sugar cane. Since the passage of the Pacific Islands Labourers Act, 1901, importation of coloured labour from the Islands has been absolutely prohibited.

Upon the observation of the conditions of this Act rests the financial position of the sugar industry in Australia, where, it may be pointed out, the retail price was fixed by Statutory Authority at 3½d. per lb. for the duration of the War, a price that is interesting to compare with the price of 7d. per lb. prevailing in the United Kingdom for black-grown sugar.

Yours faithfully,

E. A. Box,  
Official Secretary.

Commonwealth Offices, Australia House,  
Strand, London, W.C. 2., 18th March, 1919.

### NIETZSCHE AND THE WAR.

To the Editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Will you allow me to say that Nietzsche once or twice comes a little closer home to the circumstances leading up to the late war than in the passage you quote (in reviewing my "Nietzsche the Thinker" 25th Jan.)? I allude to the reference to nationalism, "this *néorose nationale* with which Europe is sick," "this sickness and unreason which is the strongest existing force against culture." He felt that Germany in particular had intensified the disease by its "Freiheits-Kriegen" against Napoleon, thereby adding one more to the system of small states into which Europe was divided, and bringing Europe to an *impasse*. The crowning folly was the erection of the German Empire, with which the disease "passed into a critical state." Over against nationalism he believed in a "United Europe"—once using the phrase "the United States of Europe." Not the interest of the many, but above all the interests of certain princely dynasties, and then of certain commercial and social classes, pushed, he thought, in the nationalist direction. (c.f. the citations in my book, pp. v, vi, 143ff., 465f.)

I am, sir, yours etc.,  
WILLIAM M. SALTER.

Cambridge, Mass.

[I accept Mr. Salter's references with pleasure as significant. They refer more to the symptoms which culminate in the disease of war, while the passage I quoted refers to the conditions of war, life "in continual danger" and "universal military service." I wish, by the by, we could call it "the late war." In Nietzsche's sense of "sickness and unreason," it is pretty alive and pretty pestilent in Russia and Germany in this year of grace.—YOUR REVIEWER.]

### THE COST OF BUILDING.

To the Editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—The cost of building could be materially reduced, if bricklayers could be persuaded to lay a reasonable number of bricks in a day.

The foul cancer of restriction of output has eaten into the bricklaying trade deeper, perhaps, than into any other. It is a revelation to watch an American bricklayer at work and compare his methods with the lazy, dilatory overhanding that characterises the Englishman.

The one lays more than four times the number of bricks in a day that the other does, and anyone can calculate what an immense and avoidable addition this makes to the cost of building in this country.

Yours faithfully,  
A TRAVELLER.

## REVIEWS

### THE POWER OF THE PURSE.

Parliament and the Taxpayer. By E. H. Davenport, with an Introduction by the Right Hon. Herbert Samuel. Skeffington & Son. 6s. net.

THERE are two hoary constitutional fictions effectively dispelled by this timely book: one, that redress of grievances must precede Supply; two, that the House of Commons controls expenditure. Mr. Davenport was secretary to the War Office Subcommittee of the Select Committee on National Expenditure, which has done the public a real service by the publication of its reports on recent financial scandals. The House of Commons has had no real control over public expenditure for the last twenty years, and that for three reasons. Firstly, the Committee of Supply, that is the whole House of Commons in Committee, is too large a body to deal with the huge and complicated estimates of modern times, which have risen rapidly in the last thirty years from eighty to eight hundred millions. Taking the number of members present at about 200, which is the kind of House you may get for Supply, it is obvious that a miscellaneous mob of that kind is quite unsuited for examining the details of departmental expenditure. Few sights are more pitiable as spectacles of helplessness than the whole House in Committee on the slot of a scandal, real or imaginary. But this very seldom happens, as few members make financial speeches in Supply. Secondly, if members were really willing to examine financial details, the estimates are presented in such a form as to make it impossible. The cost—the thing that matters—is frequently split up and hidden away in three or four different votes, which come on at different times. Thirdly, party discipline has been drawn so tight in these days that criticism of an estimate, and still more a division in Committee of Supply, are regarded as a political attack on the Government, which, if successful, may involve resignation and a general election. Could anything be more absurd, or more fatal to any financial criticism, not to say control? A member may know very well that the Cippenham Store is a swindle, or that the War Office administration of military hospitals is costly and careless: but is he going to wreck the Government and plunge the country into a general election on such an issue? Every member now receives £400 a year; and elections nowadays are more fatiguing and much more disagreeable than they used to be. A man must be made of sterner stuff than most M.P.'s if he will give up five years' salary, risk the loss of his seat, and face the frowns and curses of his colleagues in order to save the public a few millions, for which the public will not thank him; quite the reverse. Nothing is so popular as to advocate economy in general; nothing is so unpopular as to propose a particular economy. Even if you succeed in cutting down a particular vote, the persons whose salaries have been docked or the swindlers whose plunder has been stopped will get hold of some newspaper to attack you, and hold you up to odium as a mean dog, who wants to prevent somebody from living a fuller and better life.

And yet it is of supreme importance that some efficient control of public expenditure should be established, or the nation will plunge into a bog of bankruptcy and corruption. It is because Mr. Davenport realises this, and indicates the methods by which the present farce may be turned into a reality that his book is so valuable. To meet the three evils three reforms are necessary. The estimates, before being passed by the Committee of the whole House, must be scrutinised and analysed by two or more select Committees upstairs, who shall send for documents and officials, and examine them as a board of directors would examine the accounts of a joint stock company. These select committees must present reports to the House in Committee, which reports shall be considered at the same time as the estimates to which they relate. Secondly, the votes must be presented to the House

in a clear and businesslike form, giving the total and actual cost of the items of expenditure. Thirdly, and absolutely essential to the success of the other two reforms, the Government must give up treating amendments in Committee of Supply as votes of confidence. If the House of Commons is to recover its control of the public purse, financial criticism must be denuded of political colour. There are, of course, occasions when the maxim that finance depends on policy will apply, and when a full-dress debate would be justified, as, for instance, when the number of men for the Navy and Army should come on for decision. But these occasions are rare and easily distinguishable. We cannot, however, agree with Mr. Davenport in advising the abolition of some of the apparently needless stages of voting money, such as report, third reading, appropriation bill, and consolidated fund bill. In days when bureaucracy is so powerful, and the individual so helpless, the public cannot afford to dispense with any opportunities, however formal and antiquated, of criticism and protest. Let us stick to forms: we may want them in the revolutionary days with which we are now menaced on every side.

#### THE TWINKLER TWINS.

Christopher and Columbus. By the Author of 'Elizabeth and her German Garden.' Macmillan. 7s. 6d. net.

FROM the famous author of 'Elizabeth and her German Garden' we expected much, and have not been disappointed. We are a little inclined to quarrel with the title, for Anna-Rose and Anna-Felicitas do hardly ever in these pages call each other Christopher and Columbus, though they set out with the intention of doing so. But the Twinkler twins are an achievement in fiction on which we congratulate their creator. Anna Rose and Anna Felicitas Von Twinkler are the daughters of a famous Pomeranian Junker, who dies before the war. Their mother is English, brings them to England, dies, and leaves them in the care of her sister, who is married to a type, the elderly golf-playing Briton, whose "patriotism" is stronger than his humanity. Uncle Arthur can't stand the visits of the police, and the remarks of his neighbours, and so ships his German nieces (aged 18 and 20) off to America, with letters to friends in Boston and California, who it is hoped will be able to start the twins in some way of life, for America had not then entered the war. The twins are, of course, dazzlingly beautiful, and the style of their conversation is that of Voltaire's *L'Ingénu*, frank, philosophical, and unconventional. On the ship they capture the heart of Edward A. Twist, an emotional American, who has made a fortune out of a teapot spout. The adventures of the twins in a New York third-rate hotel and in Boston and at Teapot Twist's home at Clark are admirably described. Uncle Arthur's friends not being available, the twins and their enamoured and self-appointed guardian Twist finally arrive at Acapulco, a small Californian sea-resort near Los Angeles, where they hit on the happy idea of opening a tea-house in an old cottage, rebuilt and furnished regardless of expense by the millionaire. Preparatory advertisements, in which Teapot Twist is a past master, excite curiosity to the highest pitch. The "Open Arms" open, with the Twinkler twins as waitresses, but horror of horrors! they embrace Germans, instead of clean-bred Americans! The story of the German father had got out, and the "only technically German, you know," had not sufficed to appease the malice, or to quench the patriotism, of the old cats and their appurtenant dotards, who fill hotels the world over. The Americans boycott the Open Arms, while the Germans come in crowds, gush exclamatory praise, and call their waitress Miss Von Twinkler. Twist, in despair, consults the local lawyer, who with more wisdom and more freedom than is used by his English brother, advises Teapot to marry one twin, and find a husband for the other. A young English naval officer, on leave with a wounded foot, turns up conveniently to marry Anna Felicitas, and Twist marries Anna Rose.

The distinguished lady, who has delighted us with several previous delineations of German life and character, is too clever to treat the theme of mixed or technical nationality *au tragique*, though in truth the lot of those who are between two patriotisms through accidents for which they are not responsible is serious and often sad. But the author skates rapidly over thin ice, and never for a moment allows her darling twins to fall through into the water of derision or insult. With equal tact the good points of Teapot Twist are brought into the foreground of the picture, while the insolent bell-boys and lift-men and the scandalous gossips of the hotel lounge (rotunda it used to be called), such characteristic features of American life, are kept in the background. Altogether this is the most delightful novel we have read for a long time.

#### AN ERUDITE CAPTAIN IN EGYPT.

Through Egypt in War Time. By Martin S. Briggs. Fisher Unwin. 21s. net.

MANY a poor home-stranded Orientalist, glancing through the Table of Contents of this book, will feel a pang of envy for the author's luck in being able at no great expense to visit not only the great monuments of Egypt, but many out-of-the-way places. But envy disappears after a little reading. For this is not the East we knew in peace-time, though the author's photographs and admirable sketches show familiar scenes and types of people. It is an East invaded by a clean, good-tempered, flippant Cockney host, whose first demands are baths, cool drinks and solid food—an East disfigured everywhere with army hutments, in which initial letters E.E.F., G.H.Q., A.S.C., R.A.M.C., Y.M.C.A., A.P.M., E.L.C., and so on, have more significance than local names, an East familiar with the use of "Number Nines." The object of this volume is to picture Egypt as the soldier has seen it, from Sollum, on the borders of Tripoli, to Gaza, in Palestine, and from the Mediterranean to the First Cataract at Assouan. As a Sanitary Officer of the R.A.M.C., Captain Briggs travelled many thousands of miles, and as an architect, keenly interested in his profession, he has had the good fortune to visit towns and temples in remote oases and along unfrequented coasts, which before the war were scarcely known to Europeans. Thus the paper cover in advertisement. Doubtless the British soldier, who has served his time in Egypt would be glad of the information contained in the book, which is rich in quotations from such varied sources as Dr. Stanley Lane Poole, Herodotus, Sir Walter Besant, Sir William Willcocks, and the Book of Genesis, enabling him to tinge his memories with erudition. But one is tempted to doubt whether the average British soldier could possibly have seen Egypt as a Sanitary Officer, of avowedly exceptional good fortune in the matter and an architect, keenly interested in his profession, saw it in those years of war.

To one who knew the country well in former days, but was detained in Europe while the war was on, Captain Briggs's book is rather disappointing, the author's pre-occupation being with the high antiquities of Egypt, whereas the exile pictures the rich humour of Tommy in close touch with Ahmed and Selim, and longs for just a glimpse of it occasionally. True, there are one or two amusing anecdotes as this of "one Bill Harris":—

"He was the bugbear of the troops in the Fayyûm, for by his presence in the water of every stream connected with the Nile, he made bathing impossible at a time when conditions of life made it more than ever desirable. Every drop of drinking-water, and even of washing-water, had to be specially treated, apart from the usual chlorination process which it undergoes in ordinary circumstances. And all this pothole was caused by the little bilharzia worm (whose name the soldiers so aptly paraphrased) that is found in certain snail-shells clinging to rushes and other vegetation by the water's edge."

But such illuminating strokes are all too few. The book is not concerned with Tommy or with Ahmed,

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that is the only grudge we have against it. The author seems to have traversed the whole length and breadth of Egypt without discovering that the chief fascination of that country resides in the Egyptian people, some of the most charming in the world. Even at Damietta, where the native life remains unspotted, this thought was all of ancient buildings, not of men. We should be much surprised if that was the complaint of Tommy Atkins. For the rest, the merits of the book are obvious. If every officer in the Egyptian Expeditionary Force had made as good use of his time and opportunities as did our author, the war would have done much for archaeology.

The small corner of Palestine, which Capt. Briggs explored, though by no means the most prosperous part of a province which was reckoned one of the least prosperous in the Ottoman Empire, showed nothing of the desolation which is popularly supposed to be an inevitable result of Turkish rule. It is odd to read of places called "St. James's Park," "Middlesex Farm," and "Dorset House," in that far country. The quaint absurdity of such nomenclature may be gathered from the following descriptions:—

"May 6th, 1917: Many of them—now deserted and in some cases shattered by shell-fire—stand in large gardens of orchards enclosed by cactus-hedges. This farmhouse itself usually consists of a range of rooms grouped round an open courtyard, and one of the 'rooms' is a stone-pointed vault over a deep, stone-lined well. In the courtyard stands the great horizontal wheel of the well apparatus, resting on a stout post, and turned by another post stuck slantwise into the vertical one. This is worked by a donkey or an ox. In many cases, of course, this old system has been superseded by up-to-date German machinery, even by oil-engines! In other cases the wells were blown up before we arrived. But the clumsy old wooden wheel and posts still remain."

"The country in the neighbourhood of the Wadi had ceased to be attractive since the army arrived. In early spring and in normal times, it must be a pleasant place, though in no way romantic. The wide grassy valley between Deir el Belak and Gaza, for example, remained almost unspoiled north of the great camp at Deir el Belak itself, for it was commanded by the observation-posts on Ali Muntar and was well within range of Turkish heavy artillery. Our troops bivouacked for months in fig-groves and among little sandhills, or in deep gullies in the slopes of green uplands. So when we trekked across the open barley-fields on May 8, for our new camp at Sheikh Nebhan, over the opposite hill, we found a large herd of cattle peacefully grazing in the bottom of the valley where the telegraph posts and the old track from Egypt to Palestine remained just as in pre-war days."

The author left before the fall of Gaza. "There were many people," he informs us, "in the E.E.F. during the summer of 1917, who never expected to see the inside of Gaza, including a few men who had actually been in its streets during the March battle. 'So near and yet so far' expressed their point of view."

The transliteration of Arabic words in the book, though unsophisticated, is easy to follow. We venture to doubt the accuracy of a statement that some pasture-land upon the Libyan coast is "known to the Bedouins as Agube Minor," also the weight of some of the authorities adduced for speculations with regard to Israelitish wandering and Christian legend. But, on the whole, we are impressed by the evidence of painstaking over what must, in the circumstances, have been no easy task. The author's illustrations are a real adornment to the book.

#### A DISCIPLE OF ACTON.

Hopes for English Religion. By John Neville Figgis. Longmans. 6s. 6d. net.

PEOPLE are always glad to listen to Dr. Figgis. He combines prophetic earnestness of a topical kind with considerable power of epigram. Thus, in one of these sermons he remarks that "God is saving

man as by fire from the facile optimism of Victorian complacency. Progress, with a capital P, was torpedoed by the man who sank the *Lusitania*." Again, "Never, never will the younger generation slake their soul's thirst with the tepid weak tea of respectable choristers' Anglicanism." Is Dr. Figgis so sure, however, that this thirst will be satisfied by a "drink Divine," whether it be sincere milk or living water? There are more deleterious compounds than weak tea. The ardour of the returning army for a nobler, more vital religion than that which is found, let us say, in the pages of Keble's 'Christian Year,' is one of these facile conventionalities of which Dr. Figgis is rather too fond. He has admirers who regret his abandonment of the studies in mediæval political philosophy which brought him into note twenty years ago, in order to plunge into current controversy. These very sermons are already a little out of date. The apology for Soviet "excesses" was delivered eighteen months ago, and President Wilson is no longer the demi-god that the public thought him in the autumn of 1918. Dr. Figgis several times declares that Christianity—the religion of a kingdom—is "the most democratic of all religions." Ought not a D.D. and Litt.D. to remember that "democracy" means popular government, based on a majority mandate, not equality before God or sympathy with the poor? Dr. Figgis very finely gave up a rich college living to embrace community life, but confessed later that he had not in a cloister escaped the problem of wealth and poverty. Possibly in 1919 he may have modified his confidence that Trade Unionism is the principle of Christian brotherhood.

We should have liked a thoughtful discussion of the question whether liberty means being free to "keep God's commandments," the soul's escape from the snare of the fowler, as is expounded on page 6, or being free to break or keep the rule of right. On page 114, Dr. Figgis remarks that to hold that freedom means power to do what we ought makes straight for tyranny. That is the perfectly arguable contention of liberalism, but it should be argued. The Fathers certainly held the other view; they had no great opinion of self-determination. Then we are not certain whether Dr. Figgis regards authority in any higher and more spiritual light than the principle of order. Liberty must not become licence. Anarchy spells ruin, and so forth. But such commonplaces do not rise above the Manchester or police-regulation conception of life. When Mazzini said that the great need of the modern world is the revival of authority, he meant something ghostly and divine. We look ahead to-day on a world covered with a net-work of non-religious, and in some cases (as in Portugal), aggressively atheistic republics. Is Dr. Figgis satisfied as long as there is no persecution or street fighting?

In his striking book, 'Churches in the Modern State,' he seemed to contend that the day has gone by for Christian governments. The Church, having failed to Christianize the world, should retire austere into a primitive catacomb condition and sanctify itself afresh. A new intensive culture must precede any further attempt at extensive influence. It is exactly the opposite to the Bishop of Hereford's standpoint and that of those who would spread out Christianity thin to cover the greatest possible surface. Dr. Figgis did not pursue his thesis to its logical conclusion, which is that of a State absolutely secular in morals as well as in faith, and in the present volume, after condemning all puritanism as heretical, he maintains that "if we think to convert the modern world by retiring into a coterie, we shall make a grievous error." His defence of "Anglican comprehensiveness," though he does not think it "glorious," points in the same direction. He claims the title of Liberal Catholic, so that the trumpet sounds rather uncertainly after all. But the historical student speaks out in the protest against the idea that the mediæval or Saxon Church of England was ever spiritually independent of the great anostolic See of the West. Some have seemed actually to believe that the Ecclesia Anglicana was Protestant before the Reformation and Catholic after

it! By the by, in the Great Charter "Ecclesia Anglicana" means the clergy.

We have paid Dr. Figgis the compliment of suggesting certain criticisms of his recent work because he is certainly one of the few leaders of ecclesiastical thought who have the ear of a wide public. No one can doubt the passion of his conviction or the ability of its expression. But he seems to us to have the historical Cambridge mind rather than the Oxford philosophic one. And a popular preacher nowadays has little time to look far below the surface of things.

#### A GREAT HUNTER.

The Life of Frederick Courtenay Selous, D.S.O. By J. G. Millais. With 16 full-page illustrations. Longmans. 21s. net.

IF happiness consists in making the dreams of youth come true in mature age, Selous had an ideal life. For, as a small boy, he lay flat on the floor in a night-shirt, hardening himself for sleep on the ground as a hunter in Africa. His youth he spent, like much of his mature age, when he was not after bigger prey, in the pursuit of birds' eggs, and he was too often at the top of a tree to be top of his form. He found, however, an understanding house-master at Rugby, and none of his escapades damaged his career, as those critics may note who regard all schoolmasters as undiscerning idiots. After a period on the Continent which improved his powers as a linguist, he reached Africa at an age when Lobengula thought him a boy, and innocuous as a killer of elephants. Lobengula missed his guess that time. Selous came rapidly to be one of the most famous of big hunters, and had many narrow escapes where he was only saved by his marvellous nerve and eyesight. He tackled the buffalo and the rhinoceros, which many consider more dangerous than the lion, and he had a remarkable influence among natives. We grow a little tired of the endless stories of his hunting, though it was not so easy as it is now—with vastly improved guns, attendants and luxurious transport; but no judicious reader can fail to see the fineness of the man himself apart from his physical gifts, which fitted him for the hero's part. He could get through a solitary 300 miles in Central Africa in the middle of enemies, with a rifle and four cartridges, and no blanket to sleep in.

He was by no means a Philistine, as some big hunters have been, or an advertiser, as the Press has made many of them. With him a success was apt to be put down as a fluke, and his modesty was one of his most striking characteristics. Nor was it the modesty which belongs to the man of action who is weak with the tongue, and worse with the pen. Selous could talk admirably, both in public and in private, and the charm of his personality made friends for him everywhere. He was one of the "whitest" men that Africa has known, a despoiser of boasters and romancers. Without him Rhodes would not have secured Mashonaland, for Selous opened up the country with a road, circumvented the Matabele, and made a British province. Rhodes exploited him and paid him with empty compliments, while *Truth* accused him of Rhodesian finance, of which he was wholly innocent. Mr. Millais has some just remarks concerning the scanty recognition that pioneers get unless they happen to be showy Arctic explorers.

When the war began Selous was impatient to serve his country in the field. He provided himself with a certificate of health that many a man of forty might envy, but was kept for some time out of campaigning in Africa, being one of the few men qualified in every way for that difficult business! We should like to

know who was responsible for this idiotic hesitation about using his services. Let us hope that some of the "dug-outs" who promoted this cast-iron indifference to our best men have been "dug in" by this time, and will never again be allowed to exercise their official stupidity. It is a wonder that our pioneers stick to England, for they are scandalously treated by those who can give away good places and a decent livelihood.

Mr. Millais has written too long a book. His pen is not equal to remarks about the war and destiny, but, as a distinguished naturalist and himself a good shot, and a friend of Selous, he has done well in his record. He is, naturally, interested in hunting and shooting. So are we; but we are more interested in human character. Selous has written a good deal about his own adventures; his biographer might have given us less of these, and revealed more of an exceptional character. Such, we think, was Selous. He did the State some service, and no man was more upright in his dealings with all men, or freer from the taint of jealousy of any sort. He might have been a great administrator instead of spending much of his life travelling for the eggs of rare birds. America would have found him money to live on, if not a suitable place; but this England of ours goes its stupid way, neglecting its pioneers and masters of research.

Though Selous was no boaster, and lived before the Press pushed picturesque reputations before the public, his fame is secure, and his friends know his worth. They will be grateful to Mr. Millais for recording it in this volume.

#### WAR-TIME GERMANY.

An Uncensored Diary. By E. D. Bullitt. Stanley Paul. 6s. net.

THE record of Mrs. Bullitt's experiences suffers a little, we think, from its author's natural wish to demonstrate that she in her time has played many parts. Her desire to bequeath to her great-grandchildren an MS. diary of four eventful months (May–September, 1915) can scarcely have rendered her entirely indifferent to the exigencies of a more immediate public. Her attitude as of an amused spectator, concerned only for her personal appearance and comforts generally, is considerably at variance with the assertion that she "came to Germany a serious-minded woman seeking information on the woman question." This last definition of her character and aims we take for the more veracious, as it is much the more agreeable, of the two. It is not always easy to appreciate her humorous treatment of such subjects, for example, as starved cab-horses or the sinking of the *Lusitania*. But as a shrewd and not unkindly observer, specially interested in what concerns her own sex, she at once conciliates our sympathies. It is true that in this capacity she laboured under at least two grave handicaps besides the shortness of her stay. In the first place, she was quite unable to speak German; and we can imagine no more hopeless obstacle to any real understanding of the national characteristics or ideals. Secondly, she had the disadvantage—incidental to her compatriots when they visit Europe—of moving in circles too exalted to furnish a trustworthy standard for reference. Her associates were chiefly fellow-countrywomen married to members of the native aristocracy and on familiar terms with Royalty itself. More than one of these ladies had, to be sure, adopted "her husband's country" with ultra-German thoroughness; but their ability to answer for the lower and middle classes would be necessarily limited.

What was possible under these conditions, however,

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Mrs. Bullitt appears to have achieved. In street or train, in flat or hotel, she made good use of her eyes. Moreover, she systematically visited communal kitchens, crèches, workshops, and the headquarters of the National Frauendienst. As a net result she is immensely impressed by the efficiency with which "In Berlin the modern woman handles anything from a large office force to a tramcar." Though von Bissing personally assured her that the suffrage for women "is frightful," she has obviously no belief that peace will inaugurate the Hausfrau's traditional position of effacement. Her forecast would in this respect seem likely to be confirmed by results; but she is not always equally happy in prediction. Dr. Cumming, indeed, can scarcely have excelled her gift for foretelling what has not come to pass. Germany she pronounces unconquerable. As a main reason for this she assigns the impossibility of persuading any other nation, and in particular her own, to endure restrictions on food. The Kaiser will never be deposed. "If there is one thing that there will not be in Germany, it is a revolution." Such prophecies would scarcely have assured her popularity, either here or across the Atlantic, so long as they seemed likely to be fulfilled. As things are, we can derive entertainment, and perhaps some profit, from these impressions of an enemy country in the second year of the Great War.

### FICTION IN BRIEF

'The Adventures of Heine,' by Edgar Wallace (Ward, Lock, 6s. net), narrates the experience of a German spy-master in England during the war in eighteen chapters, each culminating in a failure which Heine is unable to account for. They are founded on what is known of the activities of Karl von Rintelen. Mr. Wallace has a remarkably neat hand for popular fiction, and these stories are sure to be well received by the large public which he has gathered round him.

'The Tunnel,' by Dorothy M. Richardson (Duckworth, 7s. net), is a book which the reader will not readily forget though there is not much of a tale in it. It sets out at some length the thoughts and impressions of an educated young lady, aged about eighteen, who is engaged as secretary to a firm of fashionable dentists. She is just at the age when nascent sex attraction reveals itself in the form of a hearty contempt for and amazement at the ways of men, together with a wish to stand on a footing of equality with them. Miss Richardson has elaborated a method which dispenses with any serious need for the art of writing, while it makes the reading of her book almost a task.

'The House of Courage,' by Mrs. Victor Rickard (Duckworth, 7s. net), tells the story of Kennedy Gleeson, Elodie St. Hope and Teddy Harrington. Elodie and Teddy were engaged before she met Kennedy, with whom she immediately fell in love—and he with her. When war broke out Kennedy was taken prisoner almost as soon as he was sent to the front, and the main interest of the rest of the book lies in the life of a captive, and his escape. Side by side with it is the story of the women at home, freeing themselves from the ties of the old life, and the preparation for the happy ending. Readers should put it on their library list.

'The City of Comrades,' by Basil King (Chapman & Hall, 7s. net), is, we fear, an "uplifting" story of how a young man who had gone to the dogs through drink was rehabilitated by friendship and a meeting with a woman. But that need not prevent the hardened novel reader from enjoying what is after all a quite good story of life in New York among the professional classes.

'A Naval Adventure,' by Paul Trent (Ward, Lock, 6s. net), is "a story of the British Navy during the War." Lomax, who had lost his torpedo boat, is sent by the Admiralty to act as a Secret Service enquiry agent, and finds his plans interfered with by Miss Catherine Seymour, who detests "slackers." Of course, they fall in love; and equally of course, she becomes an agent of the Secret Service, and does wonderful things, including the bombing of a Zeppelin over the Firth of Forth. All ends well in a quite good story of the kind.

'Hope Trueblood,' by Patience Worth (Skeffington, 6s. 9d. net), comes to us with the publisher's warranty that it gives us "Life such as none of us has seen in the garb of fiction since the Days of David Copperfield and of Jane Eyre and Wuthering Heights." We quite agree with the publisher. It will be read when those novels are forgotten, perhaps, but not till then.

'The Quest of the Golden Spurs,' by Shaun Malony (Jarrolds, 6s. net) is one of the best treasure-hunting stories we have read for a long time. John Justinian is left as a legacy by his father the quest of a treasure, with certain clues marking out its preliminary stages. Passing these tests satisfactorily, he is embarked on the final adventure which brings him great profit of an unexpected kind. We commend it heartily; it is a book not to be missed.

'The Good Ship Dove,' by Florence Warden (Ward, Lock, 6s. net), is a somewhat thin story of a murder mystery, wherein the hero, who has taken on him the burden of suspicion for another's crime, disappears and is hunted down by a rival who adds to his other evil qualities that of being a Radical M.P.—and a bore. So is the book.

'The Cinema Girl,' by Maurice Vaucaire (Jarrolds, 6s. net), as adapted by Mariette Soman, is an artlessly told story of the

adventures of two French sisters of nineteen, one of whom becomes a singer, the other a translator from the English and a cinema actress. We suspect the French original was a good deal livelier than this form of the story: it could be that and be still dull.

'Won on the Post,' by Nat Gould (Long, 7s. net), is another of the series of sporting tales which are quite beyond the realm of serious criticism. It has plenty of racing in which the right horse comes in first, some villains, and some love-making of the sentimental kind; and it is told in the familiar, stopless, breathless style of the Turf.

### OUR LIBRARY TABLE

'The Payment of Wages,' by G. H. D. Cole (Allen & Unwin, 6s. net). This is a careful and accurate study of the various systems of including some sort of payment by results in the wages of workmen. The author has, of course, an opinion of his own about most of them, but he does not allow his personal view to colour his statement of facts. It is a book which every employer of labour should read.

'Patience,' edited by H. Bateson (Longmans, 5s. net). This is the second edition of a famous West Midland poem of the 14th century. The editor has greatly improved and enlarged his introduction, which is by far the best part of the book. The text, even with the advantage of having that of another editor to compare with it, is not impeccable. We discovered an error in the third line we looked at (p. 9); the editor still retains the fantastic and impossible reference to the MS. which was animadverted on in the first edition; and his bibliography has in one entry three mistakes due to sheer carelessness—Gibson for Gilson, Saville for Savile, Biographical for Bibliographical. This will not do—to use the classical phrase.

'The Argus Eye,' by Fred. M. White (Ward, Lock, 6s. net), is one of the ingenious stories of mystery which the author produces in abundance. Already he has written, we believe, more than fifty of them, and, though there is nothing to be said of his style, he weaves and unwinds his complicated threads with the confidence of an old hand. Here we find a pretty heavy call on the long arm of coincidence; but the sentimental reader will be rewarded with three couples made happy at the end. The book deals with the Secret Service, lost and important documents and jewels, spies and finance.

'Catharine Sterling,' by Norma Lorimer (Stanley Paul, 7s. net), though announced merely as a new edition, was first published in 1903, and, as a matter of course, reflects the literary fashions of its own period. Japan is one of the author's discoveries, and gives rise to some pages of graceful description. The interest centres chiefly round the love-affairs of the heroine, who, believing that her past (though unknown to the world and accompanied by extenuating circumstances) must stand for ever between her and the man of her choice, refuses his proffered heart and hand; and has the satisfaction of seeing them bestowed on a person of much more shady antecedents which are not even a secret.

'The Gate of Opportunity,' by Sophie Cole (Mills & Boon, 6s. net), is a well-told story, written round the frequenters of a little Soho restaurant and widening into theatrical life. Its action depends on the fortunes of a play which a dreamer had left unwritten, and the hero wrote and acted in. It is a book to read.

'O'Reilly of the Glen,' by Mrs. Chastel de Boynville (Hutchinson, 6s. 9d. net), is a story of the Irish outbreak, the failure of its plans, and the doings of Sinn Féin. The whole is sentimentalised, yet is not unrecognisable as a picture of Irish feeling. O'Reilly, who loves his life during the Dublin rebellion, is a fine young fellow, a good specimen of the hereditary Irish rebel.

'The Lure of Love,' by William Le Queux (Ward, Lock, 6s. net), does not deal with international complications, but is a mystery story concerning a young wastrel who strives to recover his fortunes at Monte Carlo and consents to personate the heir of a large property, fine old-world hall, etc. Being athletic, and a sportsman who looks very well in nice clean white flannels and boots, he gets out of his troubles very easily. If he were at all real, he would be a strange type of idiot, and not deserve the "maturation" of his love. Readers who get "voluptuary pleasure" out of the author's works, will like this one as well as another.

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'The Three Black Pennys,' by Joseph Hergesheimer (Heinemann, 6s. net), is a work of undoubted power, conceived on a large scale, and carried out with considerable literary ability. It traces a strongly marked hereditary characteristic which appears at intervals in a family of ironmasters in the United States for the half-dozen generations between its rise and its decay. Its weakness is that there is no room on the canvas for more than incidents, in fact, that the proper execution of the plan demanded at least three volumes; but within its limits the author has made his mark. It is evident that he knows the life and traditions of the Pennsylvanian countryside of which he writes and to which he belongs.

'The Philosophy of Mr. Bxtrxd Rxxsxl,' by P. E. B. Jourdain (Allen & Unwin, 3s. 6d. net), is one of the best and most amusing parodies we have ever met. It is a pity that its very good qualities must limit its circulation, for no one but a student of Mr. Russell's work can possibly see how good it is. Over and over again we find passages which might have been written by him with only the alteration of half-a-dozen words. The philosophical theories of 'Alice in Wonderland' and its successors are continually brought into service, and the 'List of Abbreviations' is a separate joy. We advise every one who has read Mr. Russell, studied formal logic, or modern mathematics to buy this book.

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## General Sir Edmund ALLENBY writes:

General Headquarters, Egyptian Expeditionary Force,  
January, 1919.

My dear Bishop MacInnes,

I have been looking into various problems in connection with the relief of distress in the areas which are now under my administration in Palestine and Syria, and I wish to support very heartily your appeal to the generosity of the British public, through the Syria and Palestine Relief Fund, for funds to carry on this work.

The next few months, until the new harvest is reaped, will be a critical period. War and sickness have taken heavy toll of the manhood of these countries; stocks of food and clothing are almost entirely depleted, and it must be long before we can repair the damages done by four years of war following centuries of misrule.

You will, I think, be well advised largely to concentrate your efforts on raising and also on spending during the coming six months as much money as possible; for the need now is urgent, while I trust that a little later on it will not be so acute.

The work already accomplished by the Syria and Palestine Relief Fund in Jerusalem and Southern Palestine has been admirable. I am particularly impressed by the endeavours of your staff of workers personally to investigate the cases of all those who apply for relief, and thus to minimise the danger of pauperising the people.

I regard it as important that you should not just yet relax your efforts in Jerusalem, but at the same time the work now covers a much wider area than ever. All possible help is required. The Syria and Palestine Relief Fund already has the necessary organization and experience. Its agents mostly know the country well and are working in close touch with my administrators in each place. I hope that the efforts to obtain continued support for the work will be highly successful.

Yours sincerely,

(Signed) EDMUND H. H. ALLENBY.

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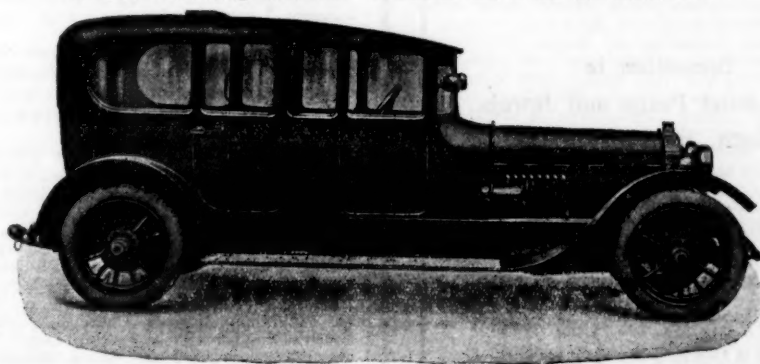
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The Secretary (Mr. A. E. Vince) read the notice convening the meeting and the report of the auditors.

The Chairman, in moving the adoption of the report, said: Ladies and Gentlemen,—I am going to confine my remarks to the purely financial aspect of your business. According to the balance-sheet, the excess of assets over your trade liabilities amounts to approximately £550,000; in addition to this, the item of goodwill is a real asset of a value impossible to underestimate. The group of figures representing £175,000 of cash and investments in well recognised and marketable securities is £5,000 less than the actual market price on the date of the balance-sheet. The item next in importance in terms of figures and first in importance for the maintenance and furtherance of your legitimate business is freehold premises at £155,000. Those of you who know our buildings will agree that they are in the position and perfectly adapted for the purpose which they have to serve, and to-day it would be impossible to erect such premises at anything near a similar figure. Stock-in-trade at £123,000 is more interesting to the internal management than perhaps it is to you, but I would point out that it is the settled policy of your management to hold in check any tendency, even of the slightest, to overburden the departments with purely seasonable goods and those becoming unsaleable owing to alteration of fashion or similar causes. You may rest assured that this amount has been dealt with in such a manner as to preclude any possibility of an unhealthy total in the accounts. The £99,000 of sundry debtors is a figure reached after taking every necessary precaution against possible loss, based upon the experience of your credit department. The reserve fund of £10,000, specifically allocated for bad and doubtful debts, is purely an additional safeguard and more than ample for even extreme contingencies.

### SOUND FINANCIAL FOUNDATION.

Those are, ladies and gentlemen, the details of your business figures. I would now refer to the splendid results your directors are able to announce in the profit of just over £100,000 for the past financial year. Owing to the times in which we live, similar businesses to yours have done well, but there is another and more solid reason for the prosperity of Bradleys. You are now reaping the accumulated benefit of a determined progressive business policy and a sound financial foundation which your management created in the past. This accumulation of funds has enabled us to take every possible trade advantage. I am sure your views will coincide with mine that this is an extremely satisfactory state of affairs, and so far as finance is concerned there is nothing to hinder the maintenance and the extension of the business. In the past years your directors, in order to achieve the present condition of your finances, paid extremely low rates of dividend on the ordinary shares. Your reserve funds now stand at over £100,000, and the constitution of your company enables us to pay a dividend at a rate more commensurate with the results of your trading, and so we are asking you to declare a dividend at the rate of 20 per cent. for the year. The Preference shareholders might be interested to know that their capital is extremely well secured, the reserve fund and the carry forward alone being half the amount of the issued preference capital, and the amount required to pay the preference dividend is only one-sixth of the last year's profits.

Mr. E. C. L. Bradley, the managing director, in seconding the motion, said: Your Chairman has given you the details of the financial side of your house. Your business has expanded during the last five years, and this has been to a very great extent due to the solid foundation laid by giving to the customers real value in material and design, thereby increasing our clientele by honest recommendation, and as this goes on from day to day the list of people who rely upon your firm for their dresses and the furs grows larger and larger. To cope with this increasing volume of business it is necessary to add to your premises, and plans are already in hand for the building of new show-rooms and workrooms on the company's freehold land. Your trade could not have been done during the year except by the extreme loyalty of all branches of the staff. With so many away at the war and the limited number of people available for your class of industry, I cannot speak in too high terms of the way the staff have worked.

The report was unanimously adopted; the retiring directors and auditors were re-elected, and the proceedings then terminated.

### MISCELLANEOUS ADVERTISEMENTS.

BOOKS RARE AND OUT OF PRINT.—Ency. Britannica, Last Edit., India Paper, 29 Vols., £38; Life and Works of Vittorio Carpaccio, illus., 1907, £2.15; Ballads Weird and Wonderful, with 25 drawings by Vernon Hill, 9/-; Spenser's Fairy Queen, 2 vols. folio, Cambridge, 1909, £2.15; Burton's Arabian Nights, 17 vols., illus., unexpurgated, £30; Thausing's Life of Durer, 2 vols., 1882, 42/-; Aubrey Beardsley, by Arthur Symonds, large paper copy, 1905, £2.2; Stephen Phillips, The New Inferno, with designs by Vernon Hill, large paper copy, 21/-; William Morris's Collected Works, 24 vols., £12.15; Gotch's English Homes, 30/-; Omar Khayyam, large paper copy; Villon Society, 1898, £4.4; Memoirs of Harriette Wilson, coloured plates, 2 vols., 21/- Send also for Catalogue, 100, 100, bargains on hand. If you want a book, and have failed to find it elsewhere, try me. EDWARD BAKER'S GREAT BOOKSHOP, 14-15, John Bright Street, Birmingham.



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THE THIRTIETH ORDINARY GENERAL MEETING of D. Davis & Sons, Ltd., was held at the Cannon Street Hotel, E.C., Mr. Archibald Mitchelson (chairman) presiding. After expressing the regret of the directors at the loss which the company had sustained by the death of Viscount Rhondda and stating that his place had been taken by Viscountess Rhondda, he said that the profit for the year under review was a satisfactory one, and they had been able to maintain the ordinary dividend at 20 per cent., which, after deduction of income tax, was equal to about 14 per cent., or 14½ per cent., whilst the greatly reduced purchasing power of money as compared with pre-war times—and he thought that was a point which had been often overlooked—brought down the dividend to the equivalent of about 7 per cent. or 8 per cent. In view of the risks attaching to colliery enterprise, that return to the large body of shareholders drawn from all stations of life did not appear an unreasonable one. Their output of coal for the past year was 1,250,000 tons from the Ferndale pits and approximately 400,000 tons from the Welsh Navigation property, to say nothing of the coke and by-products.

## NEED OF INCREASED OUTPUT.

They were hopeful that, as their workmen who joined the forces returned in greater numbers, that increase would be substantially improved upon. As a matter of fact, their outputs were on the increase at the present moment, for a number of men were returning from the forces. In view of the enormous demand for coal at home and abroad, the question of a greatly increased production was all-important, and by no other means, in face of the growing competition from America and elsewhere, could they expect to maintain that position in the markets of the world which was so essential to the economic stability of the nation. He was pleased to be able to say that they had succeeded in renewing their principal mineral leases for a further period of sixty years.

With regard to the Welsh Navigation property, that undertaking was acquired by the company in the year 1911 by the purchase of its capital of £150,000 for the sum of £300,000. Since the acquisition, the sum of £400,000 had been advanced to them by this company and expended on development and equipment.

In order to assure themselves that development on that important property was proceeding on the right lines, they invited the general manager of North's Navigation Collieries to examine the Welsh Navigation property, and it was satisfactory to say that that report was very satisfactory and encouraging. It expressed approval of the methods of working and development, and said that he had never looked upon a finer seam of coal. The sinking of a third shaft was being resumed, and they were very hopeful of a great success. The pits were equipped for a large output, and they looked forward to the time when the output would be increased to 1,000,000 tons per annum. They intended to raise £200,000 of preference capital for the Welsh Navigation company. It was estimated that that issue would enable them very comfortably to complete their development programme. With the further opening up of the 4ft. and 6ft. seams the earnings should steadily improve, and on the achievement of their aim to reach and develop the lower measures, in combination with the earning power of the coke oven and the by-product plant, this would enable the property to give a good account of itself. He regarded the Welsh Navigation ordinary shares as of great potential value.

## LARGE INCREASE OF SHAREHOLDERS.

The Chairman then called attention to the great increase in the number of shareholders; they had now over 5,000. The average holding worked out at considerably less than £200 per shareholder, showing that the much criticised ownership of the collieries was widely distributed among men and women in all stations of life. He ventured to hope means would be found for their employees to invest to a much greater extent than hitherto in the undertaking. They were still working under Government control, and practically the whole of their output was being taken by the British and Allied Governments at fixed prices. There could be no doubt that such coal as theirs had by reason of its unsurpassed quality played a very important part in the prosecution of the war. With regard to the existing controversy on higher wages, shorter hours, nationalisation, and the result to the community at large, he wished to refer to the misleading impression with regard to statements and figures given in evidence before the Commission in connection with the increase in the price of coal in July last. He wished to make it clear that of the £25,000,000 referred to colliery companies like their own participated to a very small extent. As far as last year's profits were concerned, it had only been in operation for six months, and practically the whole amount went to the Inland Revenue and the Controller. They hoped the Commission would arrive at such decisions of equity and practicability as would move all parties to put strife aside and to co-operate with mutual confidence and trust in the great and urgent task of industrial reconstruction.

The report was adopted unanimously.

## The Saturday Review

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As a City "sensation" the reported sale of Lord Cowdray's interest in the Mexican Eagle Oil Company to the Royal Dutch-Shell Combine has given place to the proposals of Vickers to absorb the Metropolitan Carriage, Wagon and Finance Company. This transaction involves a sum of about £16,000,000 payable in shares or cash, and the capital of the united companies will be about £26,500,000. Judging from the fall in the price of Vickers shares since the terms were announced, it is clear that some shareholders think the Metropolitan Wagon is getting the better of the bargain; and this opinion seems to be supported by the official statement, which indicates that the Wagon ordinary shareholders, by accepting the offered exchange of shares, stand to receive 28½ per cent., per annum, free of tax, instead of 15 per cent., tax free, as hitherto.

On this forecast it might be expected that shareholders will accept the share offer in preference to cash, in which case it will be found that the underwriters, some of whom appear to be the directors themselves, are receiving the unusually high commission of 4 per cent. for undertaking an extremely light task. Having regard to trade uncertainties and labour unrest, however, probably many Wagon shareholders will be tempted by the cash offer, and in any event Vickers shares are likely to be an erratic market until the new capital has been shaken well down into investors' strong-boxes.

If all Mr. Winston Churchill's speculative adventures had proved as successful as the Government's purchase, under his advice, of Anglo Persian Oil shares his name would be lauded on the housetops. The unavoidably-belated report for the year to March last shows a profit of £1,308,558, as compared with £344,110 for the preceding year; the company pays £175,547 to the Burmah Oil Co. and places £330,000 to reserves, as compared with £150,000, and the ordinary dividend is raised from 6 per cent., less tax, to 8 per cent., tax free, leaving £454,722 to carry forward, subject to excess profits, against £19,537 brought in.

The British Government owns £2,000,000 of the £3,000,000 of ordinary capital, practically the whole of the balance being held by the Burmah Oil Co. The Anglo Persian is still in its infancy and its properties promise to be one of the most prolific oilfields in the world. Rapid progress is being made, and in time the shares will assuredly become a highly remunerative investment.

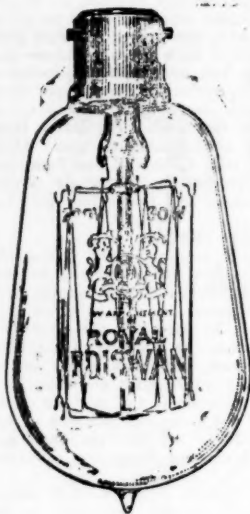
The labour situation dominates the Home Railway market at the moment; but it is doubtful whether, if that influence had been absent, stocks would have benefited much from the exposition of the Transport Bill by Sir Eric Geddes and the Home Secretary. Nobody understands on what basis of calculation it is proved that the railways are operating at a loss of £100,000,000 a year; but if the figures are accurate they emphasise the fact that the railways can never revert to the condition of unfettered competition. Presumably they will continue under the present form of control for two years, and then the control must be continued or the lines nationalised. In any case it seems that the leading stocks (for example, North-Westerns at 90) are unduly low.

Excitement and uncertainty have been created in the foreign exchange markets this week by two main causes, (1) lack of definite knowledge as to Government policy in regard to the continuance of control and cable delays. Ultimately the exchanges must be emancipated from official control and this week's fluctuations demonstrate the necessity of a statement of Government policy being made as soon as possible. It is intolerable that trade should be disorganised and impeded merely by doubts as to what the Government will do. The second report of Lord Cunliffe's Committee on Currency and Foreign Exchanges will soon be available.

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